

## Pinkie Promise

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## Pinkie Promise

by [redwombat](#)

### Summary

“Just say you hate me,” George pleaded through his microphone, hoping that his sorrow sounded convincing enough. He'd spent ages deciding on what to say for this important scene in the script.

He hadn't expected Dream to take it so personally.

“It just sounded so real, George. I don't know why it's getting to me, I wrote the damn script,” he chuckled, a single tear rolling down his cheek now. George's heart burst open. He looked at Dream and it repaired itself ten times stronger. "You promise you don't hate me?"

“I can pinkie promise,” George said before he could let himself overthink.

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In which George flies Dream over to London just to make sure he hadn't hurt his feelings.

### Notes

Okay SO

I wanna start off by saying i dont personally ship dnf (no hate if you do ship them - and dont harass them about it) i just wanted to write something, and i saw that lots of people ship dnf!! I am a big fan of the dream smp however, it's good shit :)  
ANYWAY ive seen so many heartbreaking dnf fics so i wanted to write some chill fluffly stuff to give you guys a break from crying

I hope you enjoy and please do leave your thoughts in the comments :)

# Sleep Call

## CHAPTER ONE – SLEEP CALL

“Just say you hate me,” George pleaded through his microphone, hoping that his sorrow sounded convincing enough. He wasn’t the most confident actor on the server – in fact, he avoided being involved in the scripted content as much as he could – but this was an important plot point, and Dream had practically *begged* him to act some parts from the script.

He could almost hear his voice now, asking him to do it.

*Please, George, please? For me, George, do it for me. It’s important.*

George had finally agreed and read over the script that Dream had sent him. It was pretty basic, a skeleton framework of what he wanted to happen on that stream. Eret would become king, Sapnap and George would turn against Dream. He saw his stage direction: *George is upset; tries to bargain with Dream. Tries to make Dream feel guilty.*

George had stayed up late that night, stressing over what exactly he should say, and wondered how everyone else seemed to come up with witty, impactful one-liners so easily. He cycled through options in his head and scratched them down on the back of an envelope.

### HOW COULD YOU DO THIS TO ME?

Too cliché.

### DO YOU EVEN CARE ABOUT ME?

No, that’d lead to a dead end, all he could reply with was yes or no. Boring.

### I HATE YOU.

Too much. Way too much.

### JUST SAY YOU HATE ME.

Perfect. Impactful. *Sad.*

When he finally said it on stream, it was perfect. He got just the reaction he had hoped for and could finally relax – his big line was delivered, and now he could just play along with everyone else. The rest of the scene went by smoothly, but George was hardly paying attention. He wondered how Dream felt, alone in his room with no twitch chat to comfort him, hearing those words from his best friend’s mouth. Before he knew it, the stream was over, and seconds later his phone lit up, illuminating his dark bedroom: Dream. It was late.

George answered, “Hey, that went really-“

“I don’t hate you.”

“Huh?”

“I don’t hate you, you know that, right?” Dream asked. George chuckled, but his heart began thumping.

“Of course I know that, you idiot,” he laughed to distract from his quivery voice, “It’s called acting, look it up.”

“Oh, shut up,” Dream whined. “I don’t know, I guess I just wasn’t expecting that from you. It’s not like you’ve ever put much thought into your lines, this one felt different.”

“Wow, I just gave the best performance of my career and all I get is criticism,” George laughed in amused disbelief, “Unbelievable, Dream.”

“Shush, you. You did good.” Why did he sound nervous? “I’m being stupid, sorry,” he almost whispered. George’s chest fluttered. *What the fuck is happening?*

There was a long, heavy silence. Neither addressed it.

Dream eventually spoke, “You gonna be up for much longer?”

“You want me to be?” George replied, his tone effortlessly flirtatious. He then questioned himself: *where the hell did this boldness come from?*

“I don’t want to hang up,” Dream said slowly, laboured. Softly. George caught himself smiling at his empty room. The walls smiled back. His eyelids were heavy.

“You don’t have to, I can stay.”

There was comfortable silence now, the sound of shifting from both ends of the phone as Dream and George got comfortable in their beds. Times like these reminded George of the distance between them. They had been best friends for so long, Dream was oceans away. It didn’t matter.

After a long time of saying nothing, George heard the unmistakable sound of snoring from the other end of the phone. Dream had fallen asleep on the call. The sound was so visceral for George, so *human*. Dream wasn’t just a character, a telephone voice; he was right there. George’s finger hovered over the hang up button for an age.

Not strong enough to make himself hang up, he put his phone down on the pillow next to him and lay down his head. He fell asleep counting the seconds between Dream’s breaths; one, two, three, four.

-

George woke up the next morning to sunlight breaking through his curtains, casting his room in a golden glow, dust catching the light in the air like confetti celebrating the day’s break. Coming to his senses, he grabbed his phone to check the time, cursing himself for sleeping through his alarm again. The phone was dead. After some sleep-clouded sleuthing, he remembered that he had fallen asleep on the phone with Dream- it must have died in the night. Smiling to himself as he plugged it in to charge, he accepted that he’d have to go make his morning coffee without scrolling through twitter. *Blasphemous.*

With nothing but the crisp morning air and the sound of his coffee machine moaning - *rackety*

*piece of shit*— George's house felt decidedly empty. He needed someone to come keep him company. The first person that came to his mind was Dream, and George hated himself for it. Dream was his friend, his *best* friend, even, and nothing more than that. George told himself that his subconscious mind was none of his business, and he wasn't responsible for its thoughts about Dream and what he'd like to do with him. *Do to him*. He pushed those thoughts down to the lowest crevices of his mind and tied them down.

*Never going to happen, George, forget it.*

After downing his coffee and burning his toast, George retrieved his phone. There was a message from Dream:

***Thanks for staying with me. I don't hate you.***

George smiled, then forced himself to frown to counteract it. The last thing he needed was his chest to fill with butterflies at a damn text. He texted back.

*I know you don't hate me idiot. Stop saying that*

***It's just burned into my brain.***

George stared at the text for a long time. He fought his instinct to reply flirtatiously tooth and nail. His fingers typed the response regardless.

*I can say it again if you enjoyed it that much*

***Is that a threat?***

*It might be*

***Do it again.***

George dropped his phone. He rubbed his eyes until his brain had reset. Then he read it over a thousand times.

*Do what again?* His heart was racing. This was too much for a Tuesday morning. The pigeon outside his window agreed.

***Threaten me.***

*Why?*

***I liked it.***

George was frozen still. He told himself a hundred times that it was just a stupid joke; they made jokes like this all the time. It's funny. *It's just meant to be funny, isn't it?*

*Idiot*, he texted back, then left his phone to charge some more while he took a very contemplative shower.

-

George greeted his stream with his signature cheesy smile plastered across his face, and waved excitedly at his camera while Minecraft loaded up. He had various trouble to cause on the SMP now that he was no longer king, and was looking to completely exploit this new freedom. With havoc on the agenda, George added Quackity and Sapnap to his voicechat – naturally.

“Mexican l’manburg?” he asked, amused, “such a creative name...” he muttered, voice dripping with sarcasm.

“You got a problem with it being Mexican, man?” Quackity asked him jokingly. George had joined the server as his friends were building a brand new country.

“Yeah dude, shut up and help us make this staircase,” Sapnap said, throwing him some dirt blocks. George couldn’t fathom why they’d want to build the entire structure from dirt, but complied, nonetheless. Some building was exactly what George needed right now, something to focus on other than *him*.

“So how do you feel about Dream kicking your ass off the throne?” Quackity asked him, and out the window flew the plan to not think about Dream.

“Devastated,” George drawled, a cheeky grin forming on his face. He looked straight down his webcam. “He hates me,” he said, knowing that it would strike a chord. George knew that the second he ended stream his phone would start ringing, and that was completely fine with him. “You know he called me last night after the stream to make sure we were still on good terms,” George laughed, knowing that revealing this would get him in even bigger trouble. He indulged in

wondering what his punishment might be.

“Oh yeah, he told me this morning that you guys fell asleep on the phone,” Sapnap said. George felt warmer.

“Wowwww, talk about clingy,” Quackity joked, punching George’s character in-game.

“I know, he’s so obsessed with me,” George said, concealing a smile unsuccessfully. His phone lit up seconds later.

***I might be.***

George fell silent, flicked his eyes up to his camera. Biting his cheek, he went back to building, but couldn’t help further this little game.

“He just texted me,” he told the others.

“Wow, he can’t leave you alone for two minutes, huh? Dream, get off George’s dick, seriously-“

“Okay, Sapnap,” George chuckled. “That’s enough.”

Another text.

***That backfired.***

It did, sort of. George thought that it was worth the thrill.

After a long stream, George decided to call it a night, and as he’d predicted, Dream was calling him moments later.

“You think you’re funny, huh?” Dream said, faking annoyance.

“I think I’m hilarious, don’t you?”

“I think you’re the dumbest person I know.”

“You love me,” George said, then froze. He prayed that Dream would skip over it.

“Last night was nice,” Dream murmured out of nowhere. George blinked incredulously.

“What?”

“Falling asleep with you. It’s like you were here, I don’t know...” he trailed off. George felt like Dream had read his mind. He didn’t realise how long he’d gone without saying anything. “Sorry, that’s weird, sorry-“

“No,” George interrupted, half in a trance. “It’s not weird. It was nice.” There was silence, as there had been quite often on their recent calls. Dream was being *weird*. Nervous, careful. Unlike

himself. It was like something had flipped a switch and things were just different.

“I don’t hate you,” Dream whispered.

“Dream, facetime me. Now,” George said, feeling a sudden desperation to reach out across the sea and give Dream a hug. To share the same air when he told him that everything was alright between them. The internet would have to do for now.

“What?”

“Facetime me.”

Without protest, Dream pressed the facetime button. George knew what Dream looked like, but he didn’t see his face very often. This felt like an appropriate occasion. George picked up and flicked a light on. There was Dream, his dimly lit face looking straight back at George. George’s face was soft. Round eyes and soft jaw, with a button nose and gentle sloping lips. Dream was the opposite; angular cheek bones cut under his slanted eyes, his lips were like mountains, two high peaks at his cupid’s bow. His jaw was sharp and strong, his hair even fluffed about, pointing a hundred directions. They were day and night. *We’d fit so perfectly together.*

“I know you don’t hate me, Dream.”

“You promise?” he asked. George thought that he could see tears forming.

“I promise.”

Dream sighed in relief.

“It just sounded so real, George. I don’t know why it’s getting to me, I wrote the damn script,” he chuckled, a single tear rolling down his cheek now. George’s heart burst open. He looked at Dream and it repaired itself ten times stronger.

“I can pinkie promise,” George said before he could let himself overthink.

“Huh?”

“I can fly you here, and pinkie promise you that I know you don’t hate me,” he said. “And then I can slap you for being such a whiny baby,” he joked.

“Are you serious? You want to meet up?”

“Deadly serious,” George said, smiling.

“And you’re gonna pinkie promise me?”

“A thousand times,” George replied. He could practically hear his own pulse. His hands were shaking, so he propped up his phone against his monitor and hid them under the desk.

“Let’s look at flights.”



# Interior Design

## Chapter Notes

This chapter's quite dialogue heavy, which is unusual for me and most chapters won't be like this :) I hope you enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

## CHAPTER TWO – INTERIOR DESIGN

Ever since the flight was booked, George's life just felt like one big waiting game. Waiting for his nightly streams to distract himself, waiting for things to make sense in his head. Waiting for Dream to arrive.

It was strange, knowing that he'd finally get to see Dream in person after all this time. Oceans apart would become miles, would become metres, would become *atoms*. It was almost an overwhelming thought. That they'd sit in the same time zone and breathe the same air. Share the same moments and then the same memories.

George burnt his toast again.

After sitting and staring at his wall for an inexplicable amount of time, George decided that he should probably start preparing for Dream's arrival. He was touching down in only three days from now, and the house was a tip. George wondered how he managed to lose control of such a small space; his small London flat only had three rooms and some closet space, yet he still found tidying almost unachievable. He sighed and began to fix it up.

He started with the open plan living room and kitchen. It was far from a practical arrangement, the sofa placed randomly in the middle of the room, the fridge next to the TV *for some reason*.

*What was I thinking when I moved in here?*

After getting some of the dishes washed and tidied away, and actually putting his scattered books up on a shelf, George decided that some interior decorating was in order. He called Sapnap, thinking that a second opinion would be useful - he didn't trust himself to make it any better alone.

"I'm having a crisis," he said as soon as his friend picked up the phone.

"Hello to you, too," Sapnap replied sarcastically.

"Whatever, idiot," George chuckled, "Can you help me decide on a new arrangement for this room, I just realised how fucked up this was."

"Show me, it can't be that bad!" Sapnap replied. George flipped the facetime camera and showed the room. Sapnap gasped. "The fridge next to the TV!?"

"This is why I need your help!"

George put his phone on speaker and propped it up in the corner of the room. The fridge seemed like a sensible place to start – George audibly struggled as he heaved it across the room while Sapnap roared with laughter. He pretended not to hear the clattering of falling shelves inside, deciding that it was a problem for his future self. Next, with similar difficulty, he pushed the sofa against the wall so it was closer to his TV, and he finally moved his dining table to a more suitable location, where all the chairs could actually be accessed. This barely mattered, since he usually just ate on his lap on his sofa or in front of his computer while gaming, but the arrangement certainly made him look more put-together.

“See, now it looks like an adult lives here,” Sapnap said, and George held up his middle finger to the camera from across the room. “What’s inspired the home improvement, anyway?”

“I didn’t want it to look like a dumpster when Dream arrives.” George’s reply was met with laughter.

“Oh, like he’d care. He’s coming to see *you*. Your bedroom would probably be the best place to worry about.”

“What’s that supposed to mean?”

“Don’t act dumb, George.”

“I’m not, seriously, what do you mean?”

“I mean, everyone knows you’re fucking, right?”

“What! Sapnap!” George squealed, running to grab his phone as his face instantly burned up. “We aren’t- what!?” He stuttered. “We’ve not even met in person, how could we be-“

“Oh, it’s an expression! Like, you’re dating or something, no?”

“We’re really not!”

“Oh, I just assumed because you guys act like you are anyway.”

“What do you mean?” George asked.

“Oh, c’mon, now,” Sapnap laughed, “the way you guys flirt on stream and in our private calls, the way you smile and go all shy when he’s laughing. I just thought you were waiting to tell me, or something.”

“Well. We’re not together,” George mumbled. It came out sadder than he meant. There was some silence.

“You like him, don’t you, George?”

George couldn’t make himself say it, so he just nodded.

“Hey, man, that’s okay,” Sapnap replied, his voice soft. “That’s *so, so* okay, you know that, right?”

“Yeah...” George almost whispered.

“Listen, don’t worry about it too much, you know Dream. Whatever happens, he loves you, we all love each other.”

“I know, I love both of you.”

Neither spoke for a good while, just sat in fuzzy, soft silence. Eventually Sapnap spoke.

“I hope you know that I’m going to exploit the hell out of this information, dude. This is prime roast material.”

“I wouldn’t expect anything less,” George smiled, and he felt lighter.

After ending the call, George finished fixing up his place. He gave the bathroom a deep clean and had to throw away an alarming number of expired skincare products – *how the hell can soap even expire?* Finally, he tidied his setup, and put up those coloured LED lights he had got from amazon months ago- with considerable difficulty. It looked great, and he felt proud of himself. After shoving the remaining clutter into his closet alongside his muddled psyche, George flopped down on to his bed and sighed deeply, hoping that Dream would appreciate the effort.

As if Dream had been waiting for a cue to text George, his phone pinged with a text.

***You hopping on stream?***

-

The chat was going crazy for the new setup, complimenting it highly. They especially liked the LEDs, which George was happy about, because they had come unstuck about five times while installing them and he had almost given up in frustration. The chat was requesting different colours and George was showing them all the different settings and combinations.

“I think you guys are forgetting that George can’t see half the colours you’re requesting,” Dream said, wheezing.

“Oh, shut up, Dream!”

“Come on, George, give us green,” he barely managed to say through breathy laughter. George pressed a button and the lights switched to yellow. Dream and Sapnap sounded like they were dying on the other end of the call, squealing and wheezing. “I’m gonna pass out!” Dream screamed, punctuated by wheezes.

“I hate you guys...” George mumbled, trying his hardest to fight the smile growing on his face. Chat was going insane too. So *maybe* it was *a little bit funny*.

After everyone had died down - which took far longer than it should have - conversation continued as usual.

“What’s with the redecoration, anyway?” Sapnap asked, even though he already knew the answer. George threw a deadly look at the camera. Before he could open his mouth to reply, his phone lit up.

***All this for me?***

George's heart skipped a beat.

*Of course not* he quickly texted back, then turned his attention back to the stream.

"Bit of self-care never hurt anyone, Sapnap."

"Right, *self-care*..." he muttered; George pretended not to hear him. "You only have the one bedroom, then?"

"Um, yeah," he stuttered. "Houses in London aren't as big as your fucking ranch or whatever you *Americans* live in," he said teasingly. *Good save, George.*

George was half expecting a text from Dream about the bedroom, but it never came. Dream had been silent for a little bit, so George hoped that he had stopped paying attention. If he weren't so close with Sapnap he'd be a little mad about the teasing, but he admitted to himself that it was pretty funny, and anyway, teasing was way better than taking anything too seriously. Especially when it came to the topic of his unrequited love for his best friend.

After the stream ended, there was no phone call from Dream. George was almost disappointed.

He spent the rest of the night with that one phrase cycling through his mind.

*Only one bedroom, only one bedroom, only one bedroom...*

With Dream's arrival imminent, George felt more and more restless as the days passed. Was Dream similar, counting down the hours as he froze himself in time, staring at his wall, begging for things to make sense? *Or am I just overthinking this again?* While his friends snoozed through George's struggle – *fucking timezones* – George had no clue what to do with himself. Video games weren't the same without friends, and George didn't fancy having slurs yelled at him through random online lobbies. He thought about calling up Wilbur or even *Tommy*, just to have something to do, but decided he wasn't *that* desperate, and they both probably had better things going on in their lives.

George's cat snuggled at his feet.

"What have I gotten myself into, huh?" he asked the cat as he scooped up the creature on to his lap, petting its fur affectionately. "You've got to be an extra good boy when Dream arrives, okay?" He whispered. The cat purred in response, blinking slowly at George, almost like it was listening. "I think you'll like him, buddy. He's gonna be super gentle with you, and he laughs loud, but don't let him scare you, okay? He's a really nice guy. And he's tall, too, but don't worry, you'll never feel scared with him. He feels like home..."

## Chapter End Notes

I hope you enjoyed this chapter, its a bit shorter than the last one but i think it ends in the right place. Let me know what you think! Also i dont know georges cats name but

if i find out ill come back end edit it lmao

# Underground

## Chapter Notes

Here's a little chapter, I hope you enjoy :)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

### CHAPTER THREE – UNDERGROUND

George didn't need an alarm to wake up early that morning, the nerves did that for him. After an already restless night, he had found himself wide awake at six in the morning, with hours to wait before Dream even stepped foot on a plane.

December in London was cold, and George always woke up able to see his breath around this time of the year. He didn't mind it too much, actually, he was always warm anyway, but it hit him that Dream would have little experience with this sort of chill, being from Florida. Shuffling to the kitchen to make himself breakfast, George realised he'd have to crank up the heating. He popped some bread into his toaster then dove into the boiler cupboard to play with the settings. The boiler groaned as hot water flowed into his radiators, and George sighed when he smelled burnt toast coming from his kitchen again.

George kept a close eye on the flight tracker while he watched youtube videos and scrolled on twitter to pass the time. Despite the flight being just short of ten hours long, George checked the countdown every ten minutes, willing the time to pass quicker. He even nodded off for a short while, and woke up in a panic, thinking he'd missed the landing. He sighed when only fifteen minutes had trudged by.

After a lifetime, it was finally time for George to head to the airport. Dream was landing in two hours, and George was practically vibrating from a cocktail of excitement and anxiety.

*It'll be fine, It'll be fine, It'll be FINE.*

He thought he must have looked crazy on the Underground, staring off into space and bopping his leg up and down at the speed of a motor. As he got closer and closer to his stop, the train filled with travellers, various size suitcases rolling around the train and bags being lugged onto seats. Everyone was so excited – this energy fed George until he was buzzing, ready to almost sprint off the train and onto the runway, so that the first thing Dream would see when he landed was his face.

Twenty minutes until, fifteen minutes, five, four three, two...

George was jolted out of his thoughts when he heard excited screaming. A girl had come running out to greet her family, who were waiting expectantly with a big *welcome home* sign. She ran into their arms and dropped her bags with a mighty thud, they embraced her and squealed in delight. George smiled to himself. He wondered if Dream would be just as excited to see him.

He looked around the airport and watched various people. Some were alone, pulling a small bag with one hand and texting with the other, moving in straight, strict lines. George imagined that they

had meetings to attend, people to fire, business to do. Others were in couples, chatting and laughing, swaying across the floor as they travelled. They were back from holidays, tanned and in love, chatting about their funny tour guides and failures at ordering food in foreign languages. A woman sprinted past, her duffel bag bopping up and down on her shoulder as she zoomed towards her gate. She'd narrowly avoid missing her flight. Everyone here had their own story, their own destination, their own complex lives. George felt small.

"George?" He heard a familiar voice. George whipped his head around, and right there in front of him was Dream. He was tall and beautiful and tired-looking and *real*. They locked eyes for a second. Dream dropped his suitcase handle and slipped his hefty backpack off his shoulders and almost swept George off his feet when he pulled him fast into an embrace.

George immediately settled into Dream's arms, grateful for the strength of the hug which was quite literally holding him together. His chest exploded with the warmth of a thousand suns and a smile melted onto his face. This was true happiness. Undeniably. Unmoving, unspeaking, they held each other for an eternity.

"I can't believe you're here," George mumbled into Dream's chest, muffled by his shirt and their closeness. Dream finally let go. When they met eyes again, Dream's face was awash with glee.

"Neither can I," he beamed.

"Let me get that for you," George said, leading down to pick up Dream's suitcase. Dream thanked him and scooped up his backpack before looking at George again to make sure that this was still real life. It was. "Oh, I bought you something!" He said excitedly, opening up his satchel and pulling out a thick fleece hoodie, holding it out for Dream. "Thought you might be cold."

Dream grinned.

"Thank God for that, I'm freezing, dude, I'm trying my best not to literally shiver," he giggled as he pulled the jumper on over his head.

"I knew you'd show up in a t-shirt like a moron."

"Hey!" Dream protested, shoving George lightly. He was right.

"You ready to go?" George asked, and Dream nodded. "Well, I hope you're ready for the slice of pure culture that is the London Underground."

"Can't wait!"

-

George was right, the tube was definitely an *experience*. People looked annoyed every time someone new stepped onto the carriage despite the fact that it was *public transport*, and looked even more offended when you sat close to them. Seasoned travellers were standing and texting without even holding on, meanwhile Dream could barely keep his balance sat down when the train lurched into motion. He definitely heard a group of kids telling a stranger to fuck off for looking at them, and he didn't even want to get started on the guy walking between carriages while the train was *moving*. He got a few raised eyebrows in his direction when people overheard his accent, but luckily no one commented on it: Dream found Londoners a little scary, in all honesty. George was unphased.

Before he knew it, they'd arrived at George's flat, and after lugging his bags up the stairs, Dream was out of breath.

“You do these stairs every day?” Dream puffed out.

“There’s a lift, but I saw a rat in there last week, so, you know.”

“Fair enough,” Dream laughed. “Where do you want me to dump my stuff?”

“Oh, I’ll show you your room!” George said excitedly as he unlocked his door. He led Dream through the small flat and opened his bedroom door, beckoning him to enter.

“But this is *your* room,” Dream said, sounding confused.

“Yeah, it’s yours for the week, though, I’ll crash on the sofa.”

Dream argued, “Dude, no way! You’ve been kind enough to let me stay at your place, I’m not gonna steal your room from you!”

“You’re the guest, Dream, so you get the good room!”

“I can’t, I’m happy with the sofa, honest!”

“Dream,” George said. “I’m not jetlagged, I insist.”

Dream sighed, “really?”

“Really.” George smiled, and Dream gave in.

“Thank you, George. That’s very kind of you,” he said, tentatively setting his bags down in the corner. “I owe you.”

“Don’t be stupid.”

-

After unpacking a few things into the drawer that George had cleared for him, Dream emerged into the flat. He saw George making hot drinks, probably because Dream had been complaining about being cold the whole journey here.

“How are you in short sleeves right now?” Dream asked, as he accepted the hot mug of tea being handed to him.

“This is warm for me,” he replied. “I usually don’t have the heating this high, but I figured you’d be chilled to the bones by now.”

“You weren’t wrong.”

“Am I ever?” George said. Dream laughed and suddenly George remembered exactly why he was falling in love. That laugh, that voice, those eyes. Those hands and how desperately he wanted to reach out and hold them. Those arms and how he wanted to reside in them.

He shook it off.

For now.



“No offense, but how can you drink this shit?” Dream asked, motioning to his tea, which he was still sipping for the sake of warmth.

“You’ll start craving it soon, I’ll have converted you by the end of the week.”

“Is that a promise?” Dream asked in that low, teasing voice, smooth like caramel.

“If you don’t like it by the time you leave, you might have to stay longer until it grows on you.”

Somewhere deep down, he wished that that were a good enough excuse to have Dream stay forever.

## Chapter End Notes

Let me know what you think! The upcoming chapters have a lot to give and they start getting longer too - im excited to share them with you! I hope you all had a good Christmas :)

# Soho

## Chapter Notes

Here's a fun chapter for you guys :) By the way, the scene description is fully accurate, since its set in a real London location, including the clubs/restaurants I mention. Do whatever you like with that information.

I hope you enjoy!

CW// some people may find alcohol triggering, however be reassured that nothing bad happens this chapter, and its just meant to be a little bit of fun, and since George is showing Dream London culture, I included them getting a few drinks! Nothing serious! If you'd like to skip this segment, skim until you find the dialogue "You hungry?" later on in the chapter.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

## CHAPTER FOUR – SOHO

George woke up on his sofa and felt warm. He never usually slept with the heat on, and he had been sweating throughout the night. Being as quiet as possible, he crept to the bathroom and had a quick shower to freshen up. Surrounded by steam and muffled by the consistent *shhhhh* of the water, George let himself sink into his mind. He danced with thoughts of Dream - he probably looked so peaceful asleep in there, his lips parted, eyelashes resting on his angular cheeks, his hair sprawled across the pillow-

*Stop it, George.*

He splashed his face with water. Again, again, scrubbing away his sins desperately, hoping they'd slip down the drain, trickle into the Thames and out to sea, where'd they'd mix among abstract pollution cleansed from the psyche of the world. There, his problem wasn't so bad. There, he was almost free. Stepping out of the shower into the cold air was sobering. He looked at himself distantly in the mirror.

*How many cleanses until I stop loving him?*

Drying off, George realised that he didn't have a spare set of clothes with him, and he didn't want to wake Dream by collecting any from the bedroom, either. He wrapped himself in his towel and emerged into the kitchen, where he clicked on the TV and flopped down on to the couch, looking straight through the reporter as they rambled on.

There was shuffling coming from his room, and a few moments later, Dream emerged, white t-shirt hanging off his frame, hair fluffed up, covering his eyes messily. He looked good; cute. He looked-

*No. Stop.*

"Morning," Dream croaked as he approached, his freshly awake voice lower and coarser than

usual. George coughed to disrupt the butterflies rising in his chest.

“Sleep well?”

“Yes, thanks again for giving me your room,” Dream replied, slowly coming around.

“Speaking of,” George said as he got up from the sofa, Dream realising that George was very much in a towel and nothing else, “I can finally get some clothes.”

“Oh, sorry...” Dream said, trailing off as his eyes fell over George’s body. Luckily, his hair covered his face, and George couldn’t see his almost sinful line of sight.

George replied, “I’ll be two minutes,” and closed his bedroom door behind him seconds later.

Dream looked around the now empty room, cheeks blushing red once his brain had caught up to the rest of him. Was he really that shameless? That *obvious*?

George hadn’t noticed.

Once dressed, George and Dream discussed the day’s plans over breakfast. George wanted to show Dream around some nice parts of London. Since it was December, the Christmas lights would be up, and Dream had asked specifically to go see them, so it was settled. At this time of year, it got dark at four in the afternoon, so they didn’t have to wait long before heading out to see the lights. After another tube journey, they stepped out into Oxford Street, which was, unsurprisingly, heaving with people.

“Damn, its busy!” Dream said to George, having to talk loudly to be heard over the crowds.

“What did you expect, idiot?” George joked, looking up at Dream. Dream was noticeably taller, and had an even bigger presence after layering two jumpers and a winter coat onto himself. George, who was in only a shirt and an unbuttoned denim jacket, had mercilessly teased Dream about it, but secretly thought he looked incredibly cute with his thousand layers and little red nose.

“How do I let myself get bullied by a man so small?” Dream lamented, wearing a cheeky expression.

“I’m average height!”

“Whatever helps you sleep at night.”

George put on his best angry face. Dream laughed anyway.

Despite the overcrowding, it was beautiful. Giant sparkling angels were suspended over the road, illuminating shop windows which were equally festive. The people looked happy, laughing with friends and family, staring up in awe at the Christmas-lit sky. George looked over at Dream, who was marvelling at the window displays. The light kissed the high points of his face, the winter chill painted him pink and red, frost biting his lips where George wished he could. Dream wore a gentle smile, his eyes creased slightly. He was so, so pretty. George bathed in it. He didn’t know when he’d next get the chance to admire him like this. He might never get the chance again.

*Ouch.*

After taking it all in, George lead Dream off the main road into side streets. It was nice, a bit cosier, less harshly lit and easy on the eye.

“This is my favourite part of London,” George said as he led Dream through bumpy streets, past independent shops and bars, stacked-full bike racks and waist-high plant pots.

“It’s cute,” Dream said quietly, looking around. They reached a street which was extra wide, with chairs and tables branching out into the middle of the road, filled with people eating and drinking under large umbrellas and orange glowing space heaters. High up in shop windows were neon signs and rainbow flags flying in the chilly wind. Dream noticed a club, a huge sign that read G-A-Y. “A bit on the nose,” he muttered.

“What do you mean?” George asked.

“A gay club called GAY, c’mon George, it’s not exactly *creative*.”

“What would *you* call it then?” George asked, amused.

“I don’t know, what’s your mom’s name again?” Dream said, laughing at his own joke. George rolled his eyes and let out a chuckle, which materialised as a cloud of vapour in the freezing cold air. “You ever been in there?” Dream asked, trying to sound subtle and aloof. It barely worked.

“Not really my scene,” George said.

“Right, of course,” Dream replied, not even bothering to hide the disappointment in his voice, not bothering either to assess why he was disappointed with that answer. George was too stuck inside his own mind to notice.

“Too busy,” George said. He wondered if that was too obvious, or not obvious enough.

*How do you tell someone that you’re gay without telling them at all?*

“The gay bars in Florida suck,” Dream said pointedly.

“Right.” George replied, his heart beating out of his chest and into his mouth. Was that Dream’s way of coming out to him?

*Of course not, idiot, you’re just overanalysing it because you’re in love with him.*

After some silence which George couldn’t decipher, he and Dream found a place to eat and didn’t address the previous conversation again.

“So this is a pub?”

“Yes, welcome to the full English experience,” George replied drily.

Dream looked around as they descended a few steps into the pub. The floors were carpeted with this horrible old burgundy rug, so tired and faded that the paisley pattern was barely recognisable. There was a distinct aroma floating about: old wooden furniture, cigarette smoke and spirits, greasy fried food and burnt-out candles. It was a strangely welcoming concoction. The high ceiling echoed the chattering and carefree laughter from the tables, the creaking doors and old architecture moaning and humming along with the movement of the crowds. The atmosphere was alive, electric, unlike anywhere else Dream had ever been.

“It sure is something,” Dream thought aloud, as he took in the place. The people were loud but no one seemed to care, there were people of all ages here, in groups or on dates, laughing and drinking and snacking. “Doesn’t that table look too young to be in here?” Dream asked, nodding towards a group of young women.

"I don't know, they look eighteen," George said.

Dream chuckled, "oh, yeah, you guys let literal children drink here."

"As I said, the English experience," George quipped, "You wanna get a few drinks? This place sells cocktail pitchers for way cheaper than they should."

"Sounds perfect."

After a few drinks, George felt completely fine. It was obvious that Dream was feeling the effects. He wasn't bad, but definitely tipsy, and complaining to George.

"How are you not feeling anything?" Dream asked, giggling, his face flushed and rosy already. "You're lying."

"I guess I'm just stronger than you, I always knew it," he bantered, capturing Dream's adorable pink face in his memory.

"This isn't fair, you're a tiny little baby and I'm a big strong *man*-"

"You're an *American*, of course you can't handle your drink," George replied, smiling smugly.

Dream sulked, "At least catch up with me before I get another round."

"Fine," George laughed, downing the rest of his drink, and finishing off Dream's glass too. He didn't even flinch. "Another?"

"You know it."

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The rest of the night was good fun, George and Dream sinking drink after drink, Dream occasionally making George finish his so they'd be equally tipsy. After hitting the perfect level of buzzed, they called it a night, and left the place at around midnight. The streets were still crazy busy, friends roaring with laughter as they strolled around in the freezing night. Dream was shivering again, so George offered him his jacket, which he accepted without thinking twice. It was comical seeing them side-by-side, George in just his shirt, while Dream had four layers on. They got on the train and head home. It was too late for the busses to be running, so they had to walk back home from the station.

"Fuck," Dream said, although he wasn't even sure if he was speaking out loud. "It's cold, huh?"

"I noticed."

Dream giggled, "You're an asshole."

"You love me."

"I might."

Eventually, they approached his block of flats. George practically dragged Dream up the stairs. He'd *never* be drunk enough to step into the rat-infested elevator, despite Dream expressing just how much he didn't want to take the stairs.

Once they reached the right door, Dream had to stop to catch his breath while George fumbled with his keys. He dropped them and Dream found this hilarious, laughing his lungs out as soon as he had regained the air to do so.

“Fuck,” George giggled, leaning against his door. “They’re so far away,” he whined, staring at his keys on the floor with despair.

“I got you,” Dream slurred, dropping to his knees in front of George to retrieve the keys. George let the most obscene thought cross his mind. He let it cross a few more times. Dream passed him the keys and they stumbled into the flat.

“Right,” George said, “water.”

“God, please,” Dream replied earnestly. Another outrageous image entered George’s head after hearing Dream plead him for something. He pushed it down, and filled two large glasses with tapwater, handing one to Dream before sinking his as fast as he could. He swore that chugging water was the only true preventative measure for a hangover, and the method hadn’t failed him thus far. He filled the two glasses again and they each drank that one too.

“You hungry?” George asked.

“Ravenous.”

George rummaged around his cupboard and found a big bag of chips, which he threw to Dream across the room. Dream opened them immediately and started eating, chewing lazily with his eyes closed. It was cute, but George tried his hardest not to acknowledge that.

“Let’s go watch a show or something,” he suggested, and Dream nodded, getting to his feet and following George to the bedroom. While Dream continued to snack, George opened up Twitch and put on one of their friend’s streams. His monitor was big enough to see from across the room, so George sat on the bed next to Dream and shared the chips with him, leaving all the big ones for Dream in a secretive act of kindness.

The cat leaped up on to the bed and straight into Dream’s lap, where he shifted around and snuggled into his body heat. Dream’s large hand lifted and petted the cat gently, lovingly, carefully. He looked down at it with huge, soft eyes, whispering *hello angel, please stay a while*.

As they watched, they lay back more and more in the bed, Dream snuggled under the covers, the cat still reclined on his legs. George stayed on top of the blankets, kept a safe distance for his own sanity, and he planned to go fall asleep on the sofa when he started to feel tired.

George closed his eyes for a minute to think. His mind was muddled, but he could *feel*. Feel how much he enjoyed the night. Feel confused about Dream’s hint. Feel desperate to reach out and hold his hand.

Against his own will, George fell asleep.

## Chapter End Notes

I hope you enjoyed this one! Let me know your thoughts below :) Next chapter is nice

and long btw

# Rain

## Chapter Notes

Just had the sudden urge to upload this, I hope you enjoy. This chapter's been sitting waiting for ages :)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

## CHAPTER FIVE – RAIN

George woke up early again. It took him a few seconds to register that someone else was there. He looked over and saw a Dream-shaped heap next to him, bundled in blankets, moving slowly up and down as he breathed. George could just see the top of Dream's head poking out of the blankets, his hair looked fluffed up and messy as ever. George sat up and glanced over at Dream, who was sound asleep. Memories of last night flooded him, and he smiled to himself, sighing contently. Carefully, he slipped off the bed and left his room, closing the door gently behind him. He felt a pang of regret for not staying, but he didn't want to give himself too much of a good thing. It's not like it meant anything, anyway; he accidentally fell asleep, and he wasn't even under the covers. He doubted that Dream would even know, since he was fast asleep far before George even closed his eyes.

He trudged through his unusually warm house and started up his coffee machine while pouring some cereal- he couldn't handle the smell of burnt toast this early in the morning. With his coffee and breakfast, George sat at his small dining table and watched the sun rise over the houses outside his window, illuminating his skin in golden light.

*This would be nicer with Dream next to me.*

With timing almost too perfect, Dream silently pulled out a chair and sat next to him, and they watched the sun rise together. George slid his coffee over the table and placed it in front of Dream, who took it thankfully and sipped up its warmth.

"You cold?" George asked, finally breaking the silence.

"Not anymore," Dream replied, smiling radiantly, sleep still evident on his expression.

George wondered if Dream knew that he had fallen asleep next to him. Not that it mattered much, George knew that he was definitely overthinking this, but he couldn't help but feel a little bad. He felt somehow that it was wrong, to reap the emotional benefits of waking up next to him, while Dream may not have even been aware that they'd slept so close.

They chatted while finishing up breakfast and getting ready to head out. Dream wanted George to show him a nice park or forest that they could do a peaceful walk in, perhaps find somewhere to sit and eat sandwiches. George liked the idea very much.

"Are you sure you're gonna be warm enough?" George asked, inspecting Dream's outfit.



“You’re right,” he said, and went to grab one more layer before they head out.

George drove them to a nice park twenty minutes away from his place and they got out to explore.

“This looks nice,” Dream said.

“I like this park, my Grandma used to take me pond dipping here, one time I caught a newt; I was very impressed with myself at the time.”

“Wow, we’ve got a little hunter on our hands,” Dream said sarcastically.

“Well I didn’t fucking kill it, I’m not a psycho like you.”

“You love that I’m psycho, don’t lie to yourself.”

“You’re such an idiot,” George laughed, and started walking down the little footpath in the forest.

Behind him, he heard a faint, “Oh, Georrggee...”

“No!” He squealed, “don’t start this, Dream I’m serious!”

“Better start running, George,” Dream purred, a mischievous grin growing on his face, his eyes bright.

George laughed, “Seriously, Dream, if you- NO!” George yelped and turned to run as Dream started sprinting full force at him. Both were laughing hysterically as Dream chased George through the forest, ducking and weaving between trees and over uneven ground, avoiding tree roots and stinging nettles as they travelled swiftly over the forest floor. George spotted a low tree and jumped, grabbing a branch to haul himself up and off the ground. Dream swiped at his feet, but narrowly missed as George ascended the tree.

Still laughing, Dream effortlessly pulled up on to a branch and climbed to George. He had nowhere else to run.

“I – fucking – hate – you,” George managed, panting between each breath.

“You – could – never,” Dream replied, struggling for air just as hard. They took some time to regain their breath and settled into more comfortable positions high up in the tree, leaning back against nearby branches. The leaves surrounding them rustled and whispered in the gentle winds, crinkling and creasing in harmonies.

“Hey, um,” Dream stuttered, and George looked over to him. There was a sudden shift in mood, Dream looked nervous, his arms wrapped around himself, his eyes looking downwards and his lip bitten. “You haven’t pinkie promised me yet.”

George smiled.

“Come here then.”

Dream obliged, and moved to sit close to George, facing him, his legs dangling.

“Look me in the eye,” George said softly. Dream’s green eyes met his, and his stomach collapsed into a puddle of desire. George lifted his hand and held out his pinkie finger. Dream did the same, and George moved to hook their pinkies together. “Dream.”

“Yeah?”

“I promise, I know you don’t hate me. It was just for the script.”

Silence.

Dream looked at George’s eyes, which were searching his face. He felt his heavy gaze drag across his eyes, nose, cheeks. Lips. All noise disappeared, there was nothing but their breathing. George could feel his pulse, his chest tightened. Was this the moment? Was this a moment at all? Was he about to-

Dream’s phone rang, and cut through the atmosphere, shattering it to pieces right in front of George’s eyes.

*Fuck.*

“Are you gonna get that?” He asked.

“I guess I should.” Dream dug his phone out of his pocket. **SAPNAP**, the screen read. He answered.

“Hey, man, what’s up?”

“Dream! I was calling to see how it was over in England!” Sapnap replied, and Dream broke into a smile.

“I’m having such a good time, man! George is an excellent tour guide,” he said, flashing him an exaggerated grin. “He’s taking good care of me.”

“He better be!”

“Okay, *dad*, damn,” he joked. He heard Sapnap make a gagging noise from the other end of the phone.

“I was gonna ask, do you and George wanna hop on my stream tonight? Me and Bad are gonna be on the SMP if you wanna join?”

George, who could hear the conversation, nodded to Dream.

“Yeah, we’d love to, dude, we’ll catch you later then?”

“Sure thing, man. Have fun, give George a big ol’ kiss from me.”

“Will do,” Dream said, shaking his head and chuckling as he hung up. Almost as if nothing had happened, as if nothing was *about to happen*, Dream and George jumped down from the tree and continued their walk. They came across a beautiful lake with flowers growing all around its border. It was nice, quaint. George was stealing glances at Dream; he’d seen the flowers a hundred times. Dream’s radiance was a limited resource that he had to treasure while he still could. The thought that Dream would have to leave pained him. He swallowed it. After Dream left, George thought perhaps he’d still be able to see parts of him. His eyelashes in dandelions drifting on the wind, his frozen nose and cheeks in baby pink carnations, his hands in scaffolding – strong and sturdy – and his voice in honey, golden and smooth. George inhaled deeply, looking over at Dream once more, savouring every molecule of this moment.

As the sky began to fill with low grey clouds, George and Dream arrived back at the car. George retrieved a small picnic bag from the backseat, then went to sit on the bonnet next to his friend. They sat together and ate in relative silence, listening closely to the wildlife surrounding them. A

stream trickled among the trees down the hill towards the lake, birds sang harmonies with the rustling leaves, backed up by crunching undergrowth as squirrels scampered around.

Then came the glorious rainfall.

“Guess it was only a matter of time in this damn country,” Dream joked as he slid off the bonnet.

“At least we have the car,” George said, grabbing the door handle. He pulled, but the door didn’t budge. Dream was tugging at his door, too.

“Dude, unlock it!” Dream whined as the rain began to thicken, beating down relentlessly on the Earth.

“I’m trying!” George replied, plunging his hands into various pockets, desperately trying to find the car keys.

“Hurry up!”

“Oh, shit...” George mumbled to himself, and his face fell dramatically.

“What?”

“Don’t kill me,” he said, glancing across the top of his car to see Dream’s face. “Look at the backseat.”

Dream wiped the raindrops off the back window and peered in. There, sat on the seat, were the car keys. Dry and inaccessible.

Dream backed away from the window and looked at George, who had a regretful expression. They stared at each other as the rain penetrated their clothes, slicking their hair down to their faces and saturating the ground beneath their feet. Then, at the exact same time, they burst into rapturous laughter.

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When they arrived home, the both of them were soaked to the bone. They’d waited an hour and a half in the pouring rain for someone to come and unlock George’s car, but things weren’t so bad. It would certainly be a good story for home.

Dripping all over the laminate floors, Dream and George peeled off layers of rain-soaked clothing, dropping them on the ground. George watched Dream, his hair was dripping, and water droplets cascaded down his face and neck. It was a divine revelation.

“You can get the first shower, I’ll throw this stuff in the wash,” George said, picking up the pile of damp clothes and taking them through the apartment, where he stuffed them in his washing machine. With nothing to do but wait, he watched the clothes spin and spin and spin until he became dizzy. His mind was void of any concise thought, instead stuffed full of that warm feeling that infiltrated his blood when he and Dream locked eyes and burst into hysterics. He let it once again flow through his veins, filling up every cell in his body with the memory. He’d die with that. Happily.

“Good show?” Dream asked after emerging to see George staring at his washing machine blankly.

“You need to cough when you enter a room or something,” George said offhandedly, still swimming deep in his memories, “You keep making me jump.”

“Sorry,” Dream simply replied.

“It’s okay.”

-

Dream nodded, and George flicked on his facecam, starting up the stream. Next to him, sat in a much higher chair so his head wasn’t in frame, was Dream, who was waving his greeting at the camera alongside his friend. The chat immediately exploded with excitement, people soon realising that Dream was in the UK and actually showing himself on stream. Some of himself, anyway. As they waved, the chat spammed *hand reveal! Elbow reveal! Knee reveal!* Which both Dream and George laughed at earnestly.

“Yes, guys,” George beamed, switching on his on-camera persona, “Dream’s here! He flew all the way here just so he could take my crown from me in person, too,” he joked. Dream shoved his shoulder playfully, mindful not to move too much in case his face came into frame.

“I just had to make sure he wasn’t planning a revolution; can you blame me? He’s so sneaky,” Dream said to the stream. George looked up at him and they caught eyes. George couldn’t quite place Dream’s naughty expression. He forced his gaze back to his monitor.

“Anyway, Sapnap and Bad invited us to do a chill stream with them, so let’s get started!”

George joined the voicechat, and everyone exchanged greetings. It was so strange for George to hear Dream’s voice in real life, right next to him, feel the air shift in the room when he spoke and be stunned by the electricity when he laughed. Previously muffled by shitty internet and thousands of miles, Dream’s aura now hit George with full force, the intensity of the realisation moving him almost to tears. He blinked and reset.

“Dream, what’s it like in England?” Bad asked.

“Rainy, that’s for sure,” he said, glancing out the window to check if the storm from earlier was still falling. It was. Dream smiled. “We went on a walk earlier and got soaked, because this idiot locked us out of the car!”

“Wow, exposing me just like that, huh?” George muttered, masking amusement.

“You deserve it, for how wet I got.”

Sapnap chuckled.

“How’s George’s bed?” Sapnap asked, and George instinctively clenched his jaw. He went to lean on his hand as naturally as he could, attempting to inconspicuously cover his growing embarrassment.

“Extremely comfortable,” Dream replied, deadpan.

George sprung into action, “I’d like to clarify that I’m sleeping on the sofa because I’m so fucking considerate-“

“Language!” Bad shrieked, and all four erupted into laughter.

“Yeah, no, he’s looking after me well,” Dream smiled fondly. George’s head spun. *I could be looking after you much, much better, if you’d let me.*

“Good, because if he wasn’t, I’d fly over there and slap the *shit* out of him for you,” Sapnap replied.

“*LANGUAGE!*”

As Bad and Sapnap bickered back and forth, Dream quickly whipped out his phone and typed out a joke he couldn’t say on stream, giggling to himself. He sent it to George.

*You’d like that, wouldn’t you?*

George read it and his eyes widened. He kicked Dream under the desk. Dream started typing again.

*You’re not denying it.*

“Leave me alone,” George grumbled under his breath, his cheeks burning up enough for chat to notice. He ignored their pestering curiosity.

*I’d slap that pretty face if you asked me to* Dream sent next, choking to suppress his laughter and squeezing his eyes shut to hold down the rising bubbles in his chest. He was just joking. He told himself that he was just joking.

George read it and stopped breathing. Lava flowed in his veins, crackers exploded around his heart, shattering his ribcage. He began bouncing his leg incessantly, just to have something to focus on other than the thought of Dream grabbing his face and doing whatever the *fuck* he wanted. It was embarrassing how willingly he’d give himself over. In his daydreams he’d done it a thousand times already.

*All you have to do is ask.*

“Helllooooo?” Sapnap sang, “are you guys on mute?”

George jumped out of his fantasy.

“Oh, my bad,” he chuckled nervously, quickly whipping his head around to throw Dream a

desperate expression, mouthing *stop it* with a furrowed brow. Dream giggled, his tongue between his teeth. George forgave him instantly.

The rest of the stream was as chaotic as expected, but it was fun. Dream continued to text George stupid jokes that he didn't want to say aloud, which made chat go crazier each time. Eventually, they said their goodbyes, and Dream and George were sat alone in the bedroom, only lit with dim LEDs and the Minecraft login screen on the large monitors. The atmosphere was thick. Heavy. George was suffocating.

Dream spoke, "Hey, can I ask you something?"

George's heart stopped.

"Yeah, of course."

"Do you wanna sleep in here again? W-With me?" He stuttered, looking at his feet while swaying side to side nervously. So Dream *did* know that George had fallen asleep in here last night. George's brain took a minute to reboot.

"What?" is all he managed to say.

"Oh, I'm – I'm sorry, I'm being weird I just–"

"No, no, it's fine!" George panicked. He wanted nothing more than to sleep beside him again. "I want to."

"Really?"

"Yeah," George replied. "I didn't know you knew that I fell asleep in here last night. I thought you might not have wanted me to–"

"I do. I do want you in here with me. Here," Dream said, holding out his arm with his pinkie extended. "Pinkie promise."

George hooked their pinkies together again, relief washing over him.

Following Dream's lead, George slipped under the covers and lay down his head. Not knowing where to look, George settled on staring up at the ceiling, counting the specks of chipped paint. Again, again, he counted, trying to distract from Dream's radiating heat, which was beckoning him closer, begging for him to give in and settle into his arms, lay his head on his chest and listening to his beating heart.

Dream started snoring.

George turned his head to look at Dream's sleeping face, remembering their phonecall from when this all started. It was surreal, enlightening. To hear the same sound, but closer, more intimate, buzzing the air they shared with no phone screen in sight. George smiled, closed his eyes, once again counting softly between Dream's breaths. He fell asleep counting the slow seconds; one, two, three, four.

Did someone say callback? Hope you enjoyed, I love reading your comments so feel free to leave some thoughts below :) And Happy New Year!

# Strawberries & Cream

## Chapter Notes

Here's another long chapter. The bad news is that the next chapter is not written yet so the wait will be longer. I hope you enjoy regardless!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

## CHAPTER SIX – STRAWBERRIES AND CREAM

“George...?” George heard from somewhere far away, distant, unreachable. He was in a different dimension. He could barely make out the sound. “George?” He heard again, more clearly this time, accompanied by a click as a nearby door closed gently. “George?”

George woke up. *Oh*. That distant echo was real, it was Dream, tiptoeing carefully towards his bedside, speaking gently to wake him.

“Is everything okay?” George mumbled, pronunciation barely there as he fought against the sleep in his voice. He blinked to clear his blurry vision and saw two steaming coffee mugs in Dream’s hands.

“I made you tea to wake you up, it’s getting late,” he whispered, setting one of the mugs down on the small wooden bedside table. “Do you put sugar in yours? I couldn’t remember,” he said. George shook his head no, and Dream picked up the mug that he had just set down, replacing it with the one he was holding instead. Dream then walked around the bed and slipped back in under the covers on his side. As Dream settled back under the covers, George took comfort in the feeling of Dream’s weight rocking the mattress and all its complicated implications.

“Thank you,” George said, and sipped on his tea. It was weak and far too milky, but he was grateful, nonetheless. The two sat side-by-side, sipping tea in the cold morning air, sunlight breeching the thin curtains.

“Do you want breakfast?” Dream asked.

“You’re being very nice, did you break something while I wasn’t looking?” George joked.

“It’s the least I can do, since you won’t let me pay anything towards water and electricity for my stay.”

“Don’t be silly,” George said fondly.

“I can make some toast? I’m not sure what else you have,” Dream replied, determined to do at least something to show his gratitude.

“Okay, sure, why don’t you make some eggs and toast while I shower?”

Dream responded while getting out of the bed, “I’ll try not to burn the house down.”



George had laughed at the comment – he didn't laugh as hard when the smoke alarm began sounding while he was in the middle of shampooing his hair. Bursting out of the bathroom wrapped in a towel, he saw Dream flapping furiously above the toaster, wafting grey smoke out of the air. *So it isn't just me who can't work that damn toaster.*

George pulled out a footstall and stood on it to reach the fire alarm and pull the battery out, plunging the apartment into sweet silence. George looked over at Dream, who looked regretful, and laughed.

"I think I need a new toaster; this happens every time," he chuckled.

"Well thanks for the warning," Dream muttered as he pushed open a window to let out some smoke. When he turned back to look at George, he giggled.

"What?" George asked.

"You're so cute on your little step ladder," Dream cooed mockingly, "It doesn't even make you taller than me," he wheezed.

"Shut up," George pouted, crossing his arms dramatically. Dream continued to tease.

*"Does the little baby need a step up to reach the smoke alarm?"* he struggled to ask through hysterics. It was contagious, George started giggling too, which ruined the annoyance he was supposed to be feeling. *"Do you need a lift down?"* he added, tears of laughter falling from his face as he leaned against the counter to steady himself.

"You're so stupid," George chuckled, finally stepping down on to the floor. He began trudging back to the bathroom to finish his shower – he was beginning to shiver. "One day I'll snap!" He joked, calling behind him as he walked down the hall.

"And I live in *fear* for that day, George," Dream rallied, wiping his wet face with his hands, finally calming down from his outburst. George grinned and shook his head before stepping back into the bathroom and closing the door.

-

"The *big Tesco*, huh?" Dream asked as they hopped out of George's car. They had decided they might as well get a new toaster immediately, since they had no other plans for the day. "What differentiates a big Tesco and a medium Tesco?"

George considered this. "I don't know, I think you can just tell by looking at it. A medium Tesco has different vibes."

"Of course, why didn't I just think about the *vibes*?"

George and Dream walked into the huge supermarket, its tall ceilings towering high above, with bright white lights flooding the place with a cold, clinical gleam. The shelves were stacked high with products, bright labels beckoning with an array of buzzwords. They navigated through the expansive store, their expedition taking them past frozen peas, chocolate biscuits and dumb slogan t-shirts. Once they had located the home section, they looked over the vast array of toaster options. They went from basic models to insanely impractical follies with far too many knobs and buttons.

“This one is one innovation away from a spaceship,” Dream muttered, staring incredulously at the eight-slot time machine that had clearly been mislabelled as a toaster. They picked up a standard model and head back through the store.

“Hey, since we’re here, why don’t we get some food for tonight?” George suggested.

“Dude, how about we do that cooking stream you keep talking about? It’s the perfect opportunity!”

“That’s a good idea, actually,” George smiled. “You could help me off-camera, maybe give me cooking advice? It’d be funny.”

“Great, let’s get the stuff!”

After strolling around the aisles searching for inspiration, they eventually decided to try and make a cake. Having never successfully baked anything in his entire life, George was enthusiastic to prove himself, especially to Dream. They gathered the ingredients and paid before driving home, eager to start the stream.

While George prepared the ingredients and utensils, Dream went and found George’s camera, tripod, and microphone, and set them up for him in the kitchen. Once ready, Dream sat just off camera, and the stream began.

“Hi everyone!” George greeted joyfully; Dream stuck his arm in frame and waved to the viewers. “We thought we’d give you guys a cooking stream today; we want to make a nice cake for all of you!”

“Yeah, twitch has a new feature where if you lick your screen you can taste the cake,” Dream said drily.

“If it’s actually edible you guys need to all subscribe with Primes as a reward, okay?” George joked.

After a fiasco with the mixer, which shot flour all over George’s beautiful clean counters, the batter was ready and in the oven. While it baked, George prepared the decorations, cutting up various fruits and whipping fresh cream. Intermittently, while George was distracted, Dream would reach an arm across and steal a handful of chopped fruit, popping it into his mouth triumphantly. George finally realised when chat spammed *fruit thief, fruit thief!*

“Dream!” George exclaimed. “I thought I was going crazy; you’ve taken half the decorations!” He laughed, smacking Dream’s hand, which was reaching to steal another raspberry.

“Oh, come on, George, you’re exaggerating, I took a quarter at most.”

“You shouldn’t have taken *any*,” George chuckled, and retrieved some more fruit from the fridge. “Don’t take these ones, or there’ll be none left.”

“*Bossy...*”

George gave him a comedically stern look as he returned from the fridge with his knife ready to slice more fruit. “Ow, fuck,” George winced, bringing his finger up to his face to inspect it. While cutting the new strawberries, he had snagged himself, and blood began seeping from the wound.

“Shit, are you okay?” Dream asked, jumping to his feet reflexively. He started moving towards George, who urgently held up a hand to stop him.

“Careful of stepping on camera,” George muttered, turning on his tap and holding the cut under cold running water.

“Come here, then,” Dream said, his soft voice laced with concern. George complied, stepping off stream to show Dream the laceration, as chat went crazy, asking if everything was okay. They spoke in hushed tones. “Doesn’t look too bad,” Dream comforted. “Does it hurt?”

“A bit, yeah,” George replied. “There’s plasters in the bathroom, can you get me one?” He said as more blood poured from his fingertip. Dream ran to the bathroom and came back with various sized plasters, urgency about him.

“Here, let me help you,” Dream said, and George held up his hand, which Dream held steady with both of his own. It was soft and gentle, Dream’s warm skin radiating sparks that completely distracted George from the pain. With gentle fingers, Dream unwrapped a plaster and applied it to George’s wound with a feather-light touch. George watched Dream’s eyes as he did so, soft and deep like oceans, bright and complex like cloudy skies. His furrowed brow and delicately parted lips, his skin like silk. “Better?”

George replied, “Much better. Thank you.”

Their eyes caught and George fell into a wormhole, stumbling into worlds within worlds trapped deep beneath Dream’s face. Breathing became of little importance, George wished he could trade his lungs for a thousand more opportunities to indulge in tentative intimacy like this. Then once he had consumed them all, fed upon all he could sap from Dream, once they had replaced the sun with his laugh and the moon with his eyes, once he had said *I love you, I love you, I love you*, until he could no longer speak, once he had run his hands over every inch of this reverie, once he had torn the world down to the ground, burned it to nothing but ash, and then rebuilt it atom by atom for *him*... that’s when he could let himself suffocate. That’s when his life had truly been lived.

Dream’s eyes flicked to George’s lips, their hands still resting on each other. George’s chest imploded in anticipation. *Is this the moment?*

A few joyful notes sounded from his computer over on the kitchen counter, followed by a computerised voice reading aloud.

“Gogy please don’t die that would be really awkward,” the computer voice spoke. A donation. *Right, The stream.*

It took all of George’s strength to turn away from Dream and go back to the stream.

“It’s okay guys, doctor Dream performed some life-saving surgery and we can get back to baking,” he said, smiling over at him. Dream snorted at the stupid joke and flopped back down into his chair, watching George fondly, but he was frustrated with himself for letting another opportunity pass by. Did George even notice him moving closer by a millimetre, fully intending on releasing all the tension that’d been building for the past few days? He wasn’t joking when he said that all George had to do was ask him. He didn’t even have to ask *nicely*.

The cake was out of the oven now, and George answered some donations while it cooled. The chat asked endless questions about Dream: what he looked like, how tall he was, if he sounded the same in person. George held his tongue for the most part, imagining the teasing Sapnap would subject him to if he spent an entire segment gushing about Dream. After a short while he began to decorate the cake, making a complete mess of the cream in an attempt to pipe some flowers with his makeshift piping bag that was nothing more than a small plastic packet with the corner snipped off. In an attempt to save it, George placed the cut fruit in little arrangements on the top and at the

base of the cake.

“If you showed me that cake, I’d assume it was made by a five-year-old,” Dream wheezed, clutching his stomach as he laughed. George huffed.

“You weren’t exactly helping, sitting there stealing all my fruit!” he pouted, glancing at the cake. He admitted to himself that it did look a little sad.

“I’m kidding,” Dream grinned, “I bet it tastes amazing.”

“If it’s bad, I’m blaming you, this is your stupid recipe,” George laughed. He got out a little plate from his cupboard and cut a slice, which barely held together, then put some extra fruit on the plate for good measure. With his teaspoon, George took a small bite and smiled in relief. “Okay, well it actually tastes *fine*, no thanks to *you*.”

“Let me try!”

George got some cake on his spoon and held it out for Dream to take.

“Feed me,” Dream said.

“I’m not going to feed you, Dream-“

He laughed, “Feed me!”

George scoffed, “Fine, whatever.” He chuckled as he leaned off camera, guiding the spoon to Dream’s open mouth.

Dream chewed his mouthful of cake and rolled his eyes back as he exhaled and smiled contently. “Fuck, that’s good, George,” he almost whispered. In a smooth, slow motion, Dream lifted his hand to his face. George’s eyes followed as Dream’s thumb swiped cream off his lower lip, then ran over his tongue to taste it. George’s chest combusted into a fiery blaze, his blood buzzing as it coursed through his heart down to his fingertips. Dream’s eyes grazed up and down George’s body then landed on his face. “That’s really, really good,” he said, putting on that voice that drove George crazy. Dream liked the way his cheeks turned red instantly.

George squeaked involuntarily, “W-want more?” His throat constricted as butterflies flew out of his lungs, choking him. *I have so much more to give, so come on and take it. Take me. I’m yours.*

“You have no idea...”

George’s phone pinged. Both Dream and George flicked their eyes to the phone, which was lying face-up on the countertop. It was Sapanp.

*get a fucking room you two, god damn*

Dream coughed awkwardly and adjusted in his seat while George turned back to the slice of cake, mindlessly pushing it around the plate with his spoon.

“The cake is pretty good guys, I approve,” Dream said as he held a thumbs up to the stream, desperate to distract from his neediness. George snapped back into character, facing the camera.

“Honestly, I might need a career change!”

“Don’t get ahead of yourself,” Dream laughed, “it still *looks* like a dog’s dinner.”

“One step at a time, Dream,” George replied. *One step at a time...*

George spent a few minutes finishing off the stream, holding up the cake and showing it off the camera while reading off the last few donations. Eventually they both waved their final goodbyes and George clicked the end the stream, and suddenly, they were alone together again.

“I wasn’t joking, by the way,” Dream said. “It tastes really good.”

George smiled, “I amaze myself sometimes, Dream, so I understand,” he quipped. “I’m just so *good*.”

Dream inhaled a shaky breath and held his tongue. There were so many things he could say in response, so many ways to show his appreciation. Adoration. He held back.

In comfortable silence, Dream and George stood side-by-side at the sink, washing the dishes and utensils together. The warm soapy water opposed the frozen droplets on the window in front of them. It was comforting. George scooped up a handful of soap foam and waited for Dream to turn around. When he finally did, to put away the bowls in the high-up cupboard, George splashed him with the soap, giggling mischievously.

“Oh, you’re gonna pay for that,” Dream chuckled dangerously, turning to face George, who was already backing away, laughing.

“Come and catch me, then,” George called, breaking into a sprint across his kitchen floor. Dream lunged towards George and narrowly missed, so instead scooped up handfuls of soap and started chasing him through the apartment.

“Get over here!” He screamed, slipping around the floor in his socks.

After slamming and opening doors, scooting around tables and pulling out chairs, Dream eventually had George trapped in a corner. George squealed as Dream dumped the remaining suds over him, panting for air, wheezing with laughter.

“I guess you caught me,” George puffed, shaking his head as he brushed the bubbles off his face.

“I’m too good,” Dream bragged. “You should just stop trying to run, and let me keep you,” he said.

*Take me, take me, take me. Keep me. Fucking keep me, please. I want to be yours.*

“Never,” he joked while his chest collapsed.

“God, I’m hungry,” Dream said. “I don’t think we can just have cake for dinner.”

George chuckled, “Oh, shit, dinner,” he said. “We were gonna get food at Tesco’s and only came back with cake ingredients.”

“We’re such idiots,” Dream smiled.

George liked that.

*We.*

After dividing up the cake into air-tight boxes and stuffing them wherever they fit in the tiny fridge, George suggested ordering some food. They called the Chinese restaurant and placed their orders. The place was only a five-minute walk away, so George left Dream to chill on the couch while he went to collect the food.

The cold air was vicious, creeping in under George's coat as he walked against the wind, his collar pulled up to his face to protect his nose and mouth from the relentless chill with hands that were red and numb, frozen in the night-time air. The back street he had taken had no lights; George looked up with wide eyes at gentle blue moonlight and tiny distant stars. The sky was clear, cloudless and desperately dark, revealing its secrets in the language of constellations. He stopped walking, looked deeper and listened closer, let himself fall into a black hole and come out broken on the other side. *He's leaving in two days.*

George choked.

*I really love him, don't I?*

George began to sob. The cold world offered him no comfort.

*It's okay.*

*It's okay.*

*It's okay.*

## Chapter End Notes

Hope you liked this one, its a bit of everything. Sapnap:2 DNF:0 so far this fic, sorry bout it. Please leave your thoughts in the comments below, I love reading them! :)

# Discs Pt. 1

## Chapter Notes

It's Dream's last full day in London! I hope you enjoy :)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

## CHAPTER SEVEN – DISCS PT. 1

George jolted awake, his heart pounding in his ears, his breathing shaky and constricted. He was sweating.

He had been dreaming. It had started off a nice dream, pleasant. It was mild weather out in London, the first day he didn't need a coat outside. He was walking with a stranger – no, not a stranger, *Dream* – down a busy road with cracked pavements and crumbled curbs. The sun was out, the sky was clear, it was perfect. Passing people smiled encouragement at him. The wind whispered *do it, do it, do it*.

“Dream, I need to tell you something.” George said, his voice echoing around his head. “I love you.”

The crowds stood still. They turned all at once to look at him, to *laugh at him*. He turned to Dream, who was laughing with them, his eyes distorted and his unsettling grin unpicking George piece by piece.

George spoke again, this time it was muffled, afraid, “No, you don't understand. I love you.” Despite his yelling, his voice got steadily quieter, the rowdy strangers drawing nearer and nearer. “I love you! I love you! Dream, you're scaring me. Listen to me!” He pleaded, tears streaming, and voice muted now, “*I love you!*” - -

George stared out into his dark room, tensing his shaking hands. It wasn't real. He felt his mattress dip, hearing slow, laboured shifting, and remembered that Dream was asleep next to him. George turned to look at Dream, who was mumbling. He couldn't make out what he was talking about, delirious in his half-asleep state. It sounded like a question.

“Nothing, don't worry,” George whispered as quietly as he could with his quivering voice, still working on calming his shaking limbs and racing heart.

“Mhmm,” Dream grumbled, barely awake, his eyes still closed gently and his brain seconds away from falling back into a deep, dead slumber. George stayed silent as Dream outstretched his strong arms and curled them around him, effortlessly pulling him closer, scooting him across the mattress into his chest. Dream let his arms fall lazily over George's smaller frame as he relaxed back into sleep. George settled into the embrace, sheltered now by Dream's body, and wrapped up in his warmth, he felt safe. He breathed slowly until he had calmed down completely, nuzzled his face into Dream's chest and scooted his leg under Dream's bent knee, only now realising just how much *larger* Dream was than he. With the feeling of Dream's arms weighing down on him, keeping him close to reality, George let sleep gently wash over him once more.

-

For the first time in months, George was eating toast that wasn't burnt. As he ate, he scrolled through twitter and saw bundles of clips from yesterday's stream. He smiled at some of the comments, saying how happy he looked bantering with Dream while making the stupid cake. There were also lots of comments about how something was different, and how their flirting over the past week had been far more intense. He smiled. *If only they knew that I woke up in his arms this morning. If only I had waited for Dream to wake up and find us tangled together.*

"What's that little smile for?" Dream said as he came shuffling into the kitchen.

"Just watching clips from yesterday," George replied. *Just thinking about how you instinctually pulled me closer.*

"I don't smell burning, that's new."

"I know, it's a fucking miracle."

"You're so easily impressed."

"Oh, yeah?" George asked, tilting his head to the side playfully.

"Yeah."

"Impress me, then," George said, trying on a low, flirty tone of voice and letting his eyes search Dream shamelessly. He was feeling bold.

"Oh, c'mon now, George," Dream replied, his low voice rumbling in a half-whisper, going to lean on the kitchen counter George was sitting at, "You know I don't even have to try..." He said, flicking his eyes quickly to George's lips before pushing off the counter and turning to the coffee machine, filling the room with rumbling and rattling as it struggled to get started. George's pulse quickened – the rush reminded him of his dream last night. He blinked away the memory, swallowed the adrenaline. *You need to stop flirting with him George, he doesn't like you like that. He's joking.*

"I have a good plan for today," he said, pointedly moving on. "We could head to some markets and see all the little stalls, there are a few nice ones in London."

"That sounds fun," Dream said, coming to sit opposite George with his steaming coffee. "This has been really nice, you showing me around and stuff, I'm really grateful," he said softly, smiling at George. George felt tears prick his eyes.

"Don't thank me yet," George said, trying his hardest to mask the pain in his voice, "you're not leaving yet." It sounded desperate. It was more of a reminder for himself to enjoy the time they had left together. *You can cry when he's gone.*

Dream smiled and sipped his coffee, "You're right."

"I always am."



-

After a short journey on the Underground, which Dream still wasn't quite used to, they exit at their station and stepped out into busy streets, characterised by bustling crowds and rows of stalls and tables, all set up outside to sell various products. It was a fascinating variety, some selling beautiful old antique furniture, chairs and tables with swirling wood grain and impressive upholstery, some selling handmade knitted clothes and crocheted accessories, others elegant jewellery, others little arts and craft pieces laid out in front of proud artists with paint-stained aprons, and some selling random nick-nacks and scented candles, among thousands of other little kiosks, all sat out in the cold, showing off their goods for sale. Scents of worldwide cuisine flirted with the air, Indian spices travelling on the wind alongside Turkish grilled meats, undertones of Swiss chocolate and French patisserie, home-baked Austrian bread and Italian coffee. The eclectic mix teased George's senses.

"This is so cute," Dream said as he looked around at bunting and umbrella-sheltered booths. "We don't really have markets like these back home."

"Really? I love this sort of thing," George replied.

"Let's look around, I wanna see all the different stands!" Dream said excitedly, pulling on George's sleeve as he set off along the path.

"That looks like a flower market, let's start there," George suggested, pointing to side alley which was bursting with colours that spilled out from behind corners and up from cracked pavestones. As they approached, they saw that the alley stretched on a considerable way, and up the walls and over the cobbled street lay hundreds, no, *thousands*, of flowers, tied up in ribbons or in vases and pots, ready to be taken home. There were roses, carnations, cacti, lilies, trailing leaves and countless species of shrubs all bunched together, releasing sweet pollen into the air, enticing bees which clumsily bumbled about and bathed in the nectar.

"This smells amazing, it's crazy," George smiled, crouching down to gently smell a bunch of daisies from the nearest cart. Dream crouched beside him and leaned in to inhale the scent too. George forgot to hide his adoring eyes as he watched him closely. The way Dream's eyelashes rested gently on his cheeks from his closed eyes, the small content curve on his lips, his soft hair swaying in front of his face. *This could be all mine, if you'd let me have you.*

They walked further down the alley, taking their time to enjoy each different type of flower. George wondered how much more beautiful things may look if he could see all the colours the same as everyone else. The sight was already gorgeous, but he knew it could be better. Everyone else was lucky in that way. He looked over at Dream. *Nothing could make him better. I already think he's perfect. Nobody else sees him like I do. They're the unlucky ones.*

Lost in his thoughts again, George let his eyes follow a bee which came merrily buzzing past. It flew in spirals, bumbling up and down before hovering around some lavender and dandelions tentatively. It seemed to contemplate; George could almost hear it deliberating which flower to go to first. It buzzed some more, then settled itself on the lavender. *Good choice, Mr. Bee.*

George looked around, realising he'd lost Dream somewhere while he observed his small winged friend. Dream could have been anywhere in the market, hidden among the mountains of flowers and stacks of plant pots. Looking in all directions, George head back the way he came, searching for him.

"Oh, George, there you are," George heard from behind him. He turned and saw Dream approaching with a smile on his face, holding a small potted plant.

“You got something?” George asked, looking at the cute plant Dream had in his cupped hands.

“Yeah, for you,” Dream beamed as he held out the plant in front of George. “To say thank you for looking after me.”

George took the plant and inspected it closely, looked at all its intricate little leaves, tiny branches with small flower buds at their ends, just days away from blooming delicate white flowers, and smiled warmly.

“Thank you, Dream,” he said, looking back down at the plant with soft eyes. “It’s perfect.”

Dream went pink, looking suddenly shy as he played with his hands and said, “I saw you looking at it earlier, I’m happy you like it.”

“We’ve gotta give it a name,” George said, cautiously touching the leaves and admiring them closely.

Dream joked, “You should name it after me.”

“That’s a good idea, then you’ll be with me even after you leave.”

Dream’s expression softened.

“I like that.”

*I like you.*

Dream’s teeth began chattering.

“You’re cold, aren’t you?” George smiled up at him. Dream nodded and hugged himself, his little red nose evidence of the chilly air. “Let’s get you a hot drink, I saw a place selling hot chocolates.”

George and Dream navigated through the markets until they came across an area with various food and drink stalls. The day had gotten colder, a violent chill laced in the atmosphere amongst frosty fingertips and laughing faces. George ordered two hot chocolates while Dream waited, holding the plant he had got for George. Almost forgetting where he was, Dream lifted the plant to his face and spoke quietly to it.

“You’ve gotta look after him when I go back home, okay?” he whispered; the busyness of the market muffled into insignificance. “Promise?” Dream took his pinkie finger and hooked it around the plant’s stem. “Pinkie promise.”

“I know hysteria kicks in quickly with hypothermia, but I didn’t think it was that fast,” George laughed as he returned with the drinks to see Dream whispering to the plant.

“Shut up, talking to plants helps them grow,” Dream whined, his face flushing with embarrassment. He wondered how many people had seen him.

“Here, drink this before you go completely mad,” George said, handing Dream his hot chocolate. Dream sipped it gratefully, his hands defrosting as he held the steaming cup.

Sipping their drinks, Dream and George returned to the path and walked along the market, stopping to look at the occasional stall and admire the cute handmade items, smell scented candles and try samples of handmade fudge and chocolate. The sun began its slow descent from the sky; the market was still bustling as a golden glow settled on rooftops. The air grew colder.

“Oh, let’s go look there, there’s vinyl,” George said, veering off the main path to a small stall hidden at the side.

“Vinyl?”

“Yeah, like old music records,” he said as they approached the stall, which had countless crates stacked up; a library of records containing a million different artists and genres. George began flicking through one of the crates, looking at the titles, humming in recognition at some of the artists, and skipping over loads he’d never even heard of. George was fascinated by the vast number of songs and albums that were in front of him, let alone all the music that’d ever been made in the entire world. He thought it was beautiful, that music could keep being made forever, and songs could still come out with new and unique stories to tell.

“You know I’ve actually never listened to one of these,” Dream said as he carefully drew a record from a crate, turning it gently in his hands to inspect it.

“Oh, no way, we’ve gotta get some then!”

“And play them on what?”

“I’ve got an old record player in my loft at home, we should get it down and play some discs,” George replied.

“God, don’t get me started on discs.”

George laughed in response, “Don’t show Tommy, and we’ll be all good.”

After flicking through some more records and picking out the ones he wanted, as well as a few Dream showed interest in, George paid the stall owner. He was eager to get home and play the songs; some of them he hadn’t heard in years. The stall was selling older music, the type his mum used to play on the radio and sing to him, classics from her childhood were what George grew up with, and he’d always be fond of them no matter how different his taste in music became over the years.

As the sun fell lower and lower, the sky shimmered and shook off remaining light, darkness finally seeping in from the horizon. As George and Dream head back through the market to their station they fell into a comfortable silence, listening closely to surrounding footsteps, distant cars, the rustling of plastic bags in the wind. It was strange, the way the concoction of sounds contributed to the peacefulness, the slowness of the vanishing day.

*This is our last sunset.*

“This is our last sunset,” George muttered.

“Huh?”

Dream hadn’t heard him.

“Nothing,” George said, staring straight ahead, the cold wind dragging across his lips as the seconds slipped through his hands.

Fun Fact: The word 'dream' makes up 6% of this chapter lmao

I NEED A FAVOUR FROM YOU, KIND READER! You know how they bought vinyl records in this chapter? Imma need you to listen to a song for me, because next chapter they listen to some records! Pls check out At Last by Etta James, its a beautiful old song :)

I appreciate comments more than you know, I hope you enjoyed this installment <3

EDIT: I came back to change the spelling of "disks" to "discs" because im stupid and cant spell

## Discs Pt. 2

### Chapter Notes

Here is what I consider the official last chapter of this story, but an epilogue will follow :) I really hope you enjoy this one, I really wanted to get it right for you guys <3

Btw the words attic and loft are used interchangeably in this chapter lol

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

### CHAPTER EIGHT – DISCS PT. 2

As George unlocked his door and felt the heat from inside his flat fall on him like a blanket, he almost cried. His flat was never this warm, it was almost suffocating. It was for Dream and his American physiology. George would happily suffocate if it'd make Dream stay. *Why don't you stay? I'll keep the heat on for you, no, don't be silly, don't worry about the electricity bill, I was cold anyway, promise. Pinkie promise.*

"It's so nice and warm in here," Dream hummed contently as he shook off his thick winter jacket and hung it up on the back of the door. George's heart ached.

"I like it warm," George lied. *I can keep it warm. Please stay.*

George kicked off his shoes and went to his kitchen, where he turned the kettle on.

"You making tea?" Dream asked as he settled on to the sofa, pulling his knees to his chest comfortably.

"You hate tea," George chuckled as his throat squeezed tight.

"I like it because you make it for me."

George smiled and poured boiling water into the cups, watched as it began to bleed a rich oak colour, swirling as it darkened.

Dream continued, "And I'll need the extra warmth before we climb into the attic, it's probably freezing up there."

"I haven't been up there in years," George said as he came to sit beside Dream on the sofa, handing him his cup of tea. They sat and drank without saying much, the TV chattering away in the background as George drowned in the bottom of his cup. He sipped slowly, hesitant to finish, because when he finished his tea they could go into the attic, and after going in the attic they could go to bed, and then after that they could wake up side by side yet still not close enough, and then Dream would leave and they'd go back to how it was before, separated by oceans and internets and words George wished he'd said. *This cup won't last forever. I wish it would.*

After minutes that George couldn't stretch any longer, they finished their drinks and put their cups

in the sink, then head to the hallway, where the entrance to the attic was.

“How’d you open that thing?” Dream asked, looking up at the hatch on the ceiling which enclosed the loft.

“Last time I went up there I stacked three chairs to reach it, I almost fell,” George chuckled.

“Idiot,” Dream mumbled fondly. “Don’t you have like a hook on a stick or something? It’s just a latch.”

“I don’t know, I don’t think so.”

“Why don’t I just boost you?”

“Boost me?”

“Yeah, like you can sit on my shoulders, you’ll definitely be able to reach, then.”

“You can’t hold me on your shoulders, I’m too big, probably,” George said, hesitantly looking up at the hatch, which seemed farther away than ever.

“You underestimate me,” Dream grinned, leaning down on one knee expectantly.

George joked, “Are you proposing or something?” *I’d say yes.*

“No, idiot, get on my shoulders. I told you, I’m boosting you.”

George paused.

“Are you sure?”

“Of course I’m sure, get on,” Dream laughed, motioning for George to approach him. Slowly, George walked behind Dream then slung one leg over his shoulder.

“Really?” He checked.

“Just get on, George.”

George leaned forwards and hooked his other leg over Dream’s shoulder, now perched on him tentatively. Dream reached one hand upwards, which George clung to for support as they rose, Dream pushing into the ground with his legs as he carefully stood up straight, careful not to let George sway or hit the ceiling. George clung on tightly, feeling skin on warm skin, and felt safe despite the growing distance between himself and the laminate floor. Once Dream was fully stood up, still holding his one hand, George reached up to unhook the lock and slowly lowered the hatch, revealing an entrance to the loft. In the loft was a drop-down ladder, which George yanked out of its cradle and slowly lowered, letting Dream take the bottom of it and guide it to the floor. Dream sunk back to the ground slowly and let George slip off his shoulders.

“Told you I was strong enough,” Dream said, smiling proudly at George, who was back on land safely.

George rolled his eyes playfully, “Whatever, let’s go up.”

Carefully, George stepped on to the shaky ladder. He clung on tightly as he ascended the first step, feeling the ladder wobble and creak under his weight.

“Is this safe?” Dream asked, eyeing the unstable structure.

“Yeah, it’s just old as hell.”

“Here, I don’t want you to fall,” Dream said, and George felt two strong hands position themselves on his lower back, fingers curled shyly around his waist. George instantly flushed warm.

“Th-thanks.”

George and Dream carefully climbed up the ladder and through the hatch, where they emerged up into the dark attic. The air was thick with dust and the smell of damp wood, old bricks and wallpaper glue, George’s hand dirtied as he scratched around for the light switch. When his fingers eventually fell on the switch, he flicked it, and a single blub complained, buzzing and flickering before steadying itself, casting a dim yellow glow across the space.

“It’s pretty dusty up here,” Dream said as he brushed off his t-shirt and knees, hunched over as he stood in the middle of the low-ceilinged room to avoid hitting his head. George was stood up straight.

“I feel like I’m dying already,” George joked, breathing shallow breaths to avoid inhaling mountains of dust and fluff. His lungs were coated already, soft with settled ash and dripping with grief. *He’s leaving me.*

“Are you okay?” Dream asked, noticing the subtle shift in George’s facial expression.

George snapped out of it, “Yeah, let’s start looking for this record player.”

They started at the far corner, traipsing over boxes, beams, and loosened insulation to begin rummaging. It was a maze of old, abandoned objects, living up here alone in the cold, only accompanied by other lost, lonely things. *Maybe I should stay up here.* George found bundles of old clothes he thought he’d given away years ago, broken clocks and ancient games consoles he’d sworn he’d repair one day, stacks of old artwork from when he was a child that his mother would slaughter him for getting rid of.

“I do wonder why you ever stopped drawing,” Dream giggled as he looked at the crumpled paper in his hand; one of five-year-old George’s masterpieces was staring back at him. It was a deconstructed mess of a portrait, made in green paint and glitter, coloured outside the lines and bleeding through the paper fibres. “This could pass for modern art, for sure.”

“Oh, shut up,” George said, snatching up the painting and looking over it. Despite his determination not to, George burst out laughing. “I was five, it’s not *that* bad.”

“It’s pretty shocking, George,” Dream replied, breaking into wheezes when he glanced at the painting again. George stifled chuckles. “Who was this even supposed to be?”

“I don’t know, my mum, probably.”

“Your *MOM*?” Dream yelled, screaming with laughter now, doubled over while tears fell from his eyes. “She- she’s so- so *sexy*, George,” Dream struggled through hysterics.

“Shut up, Dream!” George whined, wiping gentle tears of laughter from his cheeks with the backs of his hands. “We’ve gotten so side-tracked!” He huffed, stuffing the painting back into the folder it came from.

While they laughed off the artwork, they continued searching for the record player. Eventually

they found the box hidden away behind stacks of old DVD's, mostly kids films that his parents had dumped on him when he moved out all those years ago. George thought that maybe they could watch a movie tonight, fall asleep under blankets in front of the TV and wake up late the next morning. He thought Dream could miss his flight and stay another day. *Stay forever.*

*Why can't he stay forever?*

"Shall we get this downstairs?"

-

After hauling the box down the precarious ladder, with Dream's hands guiding him again, George set it down and sat next to it on the floor. Pulling out the user manual, he brushed dust off his hands again and began scrutinising it, looking with distain at the tangle of cables sitting before him. Dream helped wire up the speakers to the turntable and straighten everything up, helping George to brush off the components and level out the feet. As George finished tweaking the setup, Dream retrieved the small stack of records they'd bought earlier that day. Sitting down in front of the player too, Dream handed George the record from the top of the pile and took the next one down for himself. It really was a relic, music from back in 1960 forever preserved in a circle of plastic between his fingers. Dream read the cover: *ETTA JAMES at last!*

"So when you take disc out, you wanna hold it like this," George said, drawing his record carefully from its sleeve and holding it only at the very edges. Dream did the same, handling his disc cautiously. "Then you can place it on the mat," George said, and Dream carefully slotted the record onto the player.

"Then what?"

"Then you can adjust the arm, but you can't just yank it, or it'll break. You need to press this button to lift it," George said. Dream pressed the button on the front of the record player, and the arm lifted slightly from its cradle. "Then push it gently sideways," he added. Dream, with the tip of his finger, softly pushed the arm sideways, and as it hovered, the disc started spinning slowly beneath it.

"Oh, that makes it spin," Dream said, smiling to himself, "that's cool."

"Now's the good part," George said, leaning closer to the player. "Come down here." Dream did as he was told, his eye line level with the disc now. "Can you see areas on the disc where it looks smooth, like thin rings?" George asked. He looked over at Dream for confirmation, their faces closer than he had thought. George could count his freckles. *He's right there, he's right there. You could do it. You could.* He watched as Dream adjusted his head and squinted at the disc, trying to align its ridges in his vision.

"Yeah, I see them," Dream said.

*Do it, do it.*

George remembered his nightmare.

"Push the arm so the needle lines up right above one of those rings. Say if you wanted to play the third song, you'd place the needle above the third ring."

Dream, with a featherlight touch, pushed the arm to align the needle with the song he wanted.

*He's in kissing distance.*



“Then what?” Dream asked.

*Then kiss me.*

“Then press the same button as before, and the arm will lower onto the disc,” George replied.

Dream pressed the button and the needle settled onto the spinning record. There was some crackling, like a campfire in the speakers, then smooth, warm music started pouring out of them, instantly filling the room with a comfortable fuzz.

“It sounds different,” Dream said, fascinated eyes fixed on the vinyl which waved gently up and down as it spun. “It sounds warmer.”

“It’s nice, right?” George said. “Old music was made to be played like this, it’s special.”

They sat wordlessly, cross-legged on the floor, and listened to the song play out. George’s chest burst with nostalgia, the slow air embracing him as it wobbled with the symphony. After a few blissful minutes, the song faded out, the record crackling again as the next old tune began.

*...At last, my love has come along ...*

“Oh, damn, I love this song,” Dream said, his face beaming as he got to his feet and began swaying lazily to the rhythm. “Come on, dance with me,” he said, extending a hand downwards for George to take. George took his hand, and Dream pulled him up to his feet effortlessly.

*...My lonely days are over...*

“What do you know about dancing?” George asked, amused.

“They taught us how to slow dance in high school,” Dream replied, “so I’m basically an expert.”

George’s lips turned up in a smile, “Enlighten me.”

“Okay, well, firstly, you’re the lady, that’s obvious, so stand with your feet like this,” Dream said, using his foot to adjust George’s, pushing them so that they faced outwards, his heels pointed together.

“How’s that obvious?” George protested. Dream flapped his hand and shushed him. George kept his mouth closed obediently, but his eyes were alive with exhilaration.

“Okay, now your left hand goes here,” Dream said, confidently grasping George’s wrist and guiding it to his own shoulder. George’s pulse quickened; his skin burned. “And my hand goes here,” he continued, placing a hand on George’s waist softly. “Our other hands go together,” Dream said as he took George’s free hand in his own. Slowly, as the temperature rose with each passing millisecond, he laced their fingers together.

“A- And then what?” George stammered, his face burning and his pulse screaming in his ears. Dream smiled, George’s redness a pleasing sight.

“It’s only three steps,” Dream said. “First, you take a step back, and I step forwards.” George timidly slid one foot backwards, Dream’s leg followed. They were close, almost chest-to-chest, their hearts close to colliding. Dream was a singularity; George was far too close. The event horizon had been crossed. He was Dream’s to have.

*...I found a dream that I could speak to...*

“Then a sideways step with the other leg,” Dream continued. In unison, they took a step sideways, George’s hand grasped firmly in Dream’s, which he held softly outwards. His arm was bent slightly at the elbow, while George’s was locked straight. George swallowed nervously. Dream’s frame was confident, firm, leading, George clung on to him, let himself be shaped by Dream.

*...A dream that I can call my own...*

“Then finally, bring the other leg in, so your feet are together again.” Dream said, and together, they stepped in. “Perfect, you’re a natural,” he smiled, his gaze caressing George’s face. George felt vulnerable; scrutinised. Despite this, he wanted Dream to look closer. *I need him to know.*

Dream moved, beginning the next step, and George let himself be led, stepping in time with the music. George felt his hand in Dream’s, almost fully enclosed, held in a warm, protective grasp. He felt his other hand on Dream’s shoulder, thought about how easy it would be to trail upwards, feel the skin on Dream’s neck and transfer his warmth, brush his fingers higher to tangle in his hair and pull slowly, softly, spelling out his desire with his fingertips. He felt Dream’s hand on his waist, strong and large, thought about how Dream had never touched him there before. There were so many undiscovered touches: stomach, chest, neck, lips. *All for you, all for you, all for you.* He inhaled shakily as they danced.

George looked away from his feet and up to Dream’s face. There, he met deep green eyes, already searching for something to get lost in. *Lose yourself in me.* Again, George noticed Dream’s freckles, scattered across his cheeks like constellations.

*...You smile, you smile ...*

Dream stopped dancing. Stood still with George under his touch, breathing through parted lips. His face melted. He smiled, he smiled.

*...And then the spell was cast...*

“What?” George asked.

“You.”

George blinked. The record spun.

*...And here we are in heaven...*

Dream dipped his head down and kissed him.

*...For you are mine at last...*

## Chapter End Notes

I really hope you enjoyed this! As I said, this is the end of the story, but I'll write an epilogue as bonus content for extra fluff that just wasn't supported by their relationship before this chapter :) Y'know not all fluff is realistic when they've not even kissed yet

lmao.

I am eternally grateful for the support on this fic, I've never had such an amazing response to my work. You guys really are so kind, and your comments mean so, so much to me, so please let me know your thoughts :)

I'm so grateful, thank you. Truly.

EDIT: Wait Holy Shit? Over 1000 kudos and almost 11000 hits? You guys are fucking insane, thank you so much <33333

<3

# Epilogue

## Chapter Notes

Here's the epilogue! Listen, its kinda emotional, but I consider it a happy ending (I said this fic would have a happy ending!!!!) but its also realistic.  
Our favourite character - george's cat - also makes an appearance :)

I hope you enjoy this, as i said chapter 8 was the official ending <3

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

## EPILOGUE

“What?” George asked.

“You.”

George blinked. The record spun.

*...And here we are in heaven...*

Dream dipped his head down and kissed him.

*...For you are mine at last...*

George’s mind drained and emptied, all he could do was feel. Dream’s lips were soft, capturing his in a gentle kiss. It felt like a promise.

As they kissed, George ran his hand up into Dream’s hair as he lifted up on to his tiptoes, trailing his other hand up Dream’s arm and letting it rest on his chest. Dream’s hand, which was still on George’s waist, slid to the base of his back and pulled him in, closing the small remaining distance between their bodies. They kissed slowly, like the ocean eroding cliff faces over thousands of years, collided, and became one. George spelt out desire with closed eyes.

Eventually, once his ribcage had exploded and rebuilt, once his heart had found its new rhythm – Dream’s rhythm – George pulled away, resting his forehead on Dream’s, who’s head was still dipped low so their faces could touch. The room was silent, the record had stopped playing and the birds outside dared not interrupt; George’s cat was asleep. There was only their breathing, slow and synced, eyes still closed as they drowned together in the bliss.

“I’m scared to open my eyes,” Dream mumbled, his voice low. George could hear the smile on his face. “What if this is a dream?”

George sighed contently, “I’ve had this dream so many times.”

“Me too.”

Silence.

“Let’s open our eyes together, on three. Okay?”

“Okay,” Dream replied. His voice wavered.

“One,” George whispered.

“Two.”

“Three.”

George opened his eyes slowly.

Dream was still right there. Green eyes and freckles and rosy cheeks and warm hands. He broke into a grin. Together, with locked eyes, they began to laugh. It was freeing; rapturous. Beautiful. The purest form of happiness George had ever felt.

“I already miss kissing you,” Dream said.

“Then do it again.”

-

George had a lot of missed opportunities to make up for, and so little time left. Dream was leaving tomorrow; this thought wasn’t wasted as they indulged in kisses of the sofa, in front of the kettle as it boiled, against the door as George’s toast burned. George, for the first time, could admire Dream without sheltering his gaze. Finally, after all this time, his eyes could trail around Dream’s face, count his freckles, and memorise every smile line, every point where the light kissed, then place his lips there, too, claiming every square millimetre as his own. Each eyelash, each crease beside his smiling eyes. Writing itself into George’s code.

After making tea and toast, which Dream thought he actually might start to miss despite his complaints over the taste, they went to sit on the sofa in front of a stream. George rested his legs over Dream’s, his ankle disappearing under Dream’s large hand, which held on simply so that they’d be touching. George smiled and sipped his drink.

“Do you remember when I called you after your stream, to tell you I didn’t hate you?” Dream asked out of nowhere, a blush growing on his cheeks.

George smiled, “How could I forget?”

“That’s when I knew,” Dream said. “When I was too afraid to hang up, when I fell asleep with you in my headset. That’s when I knew that I couldn’t ever let you go.”

“Really?” George asked.

“Really.”

“I fell asleep counting the seconds,” George began, his eyes welling and his throat beginning to close, “counting the seconds between your breaths. It was four,” he chuckled as a tear threatened to fall. “Four seconds between each one, and then four more, and then four more. And then I realised that I knew everything there was to know about you, and I liked every single part.”

Dream sniffed; George looked over to see him furiously blinking away tears.

“George, you’re so,” he sniffed, “stupid. Come here,” he smiled as tears finally flowed. George scooted over and nuzzled his head into Dream’s neck, and they held each other tightly. Dream smiled as emotion poured from his eyes. He’d needed this for so long.

In the silence, George scrolled through memories of the past week in his mind. Moments he’d previously skipped over seemed so obvious to him now – the way Dream laughed hysterically, no matter how funny George’s joke was, the way he spoke softly in the mornings and his attempts at making tea, the texts – *the fucking texts, how did I let him get away with those texts* – and everything else that Dream used as secret confessions. George remembered the forest, when they were sat high up in the tree, the way Dream’s eyes flicked to his lips before his phone rang. George smiled.

“What?” Dream asked.

“You were gonna kiss me in the forest, weren’t you?” George replied. Dream’s face reddened.

“I mean I was thinking about it. Then Sapnap called.”

“That’s so fucking typical,” George laughed. “Incredible timing on his part.”

“To be fair, there were loads of times I was gonna kiss you, but then didn’t, so it’s not really his fault.”

“Really?” George smiled, sitting up to face Dream. “Like when?”

“I mean, if I’m honest, almost every time you even looked at me, I at least considered it,” Dream replied as his cheeks got pinker and pinker. For the first time, the ball was in George’s court, and he could finally get some revenge for all the times Dream had left him speechless.

“Is that so?” George flirted; his voice lowered into a more playful tone. Dream nodded in response, his words failing him. George leaned forwards to get face-to-face, close enough so that Dream could hear him whisper, “You’re so into me...”

Dream swallowed nervously, biting his lip when he didn’t know what to say, and nodded again.

George continued, “Remember those texts you sent me, Dream? While I was streaming?” he said as he rose on to his knees and tilted up Dream’s jaw, so he was looking up into his eyes. George’s head buzzed with the adrenaline rush of having control for the first time. “When you said you’d do anything for me? When you said that all I had to do was ask?”

“Yeah,” Dream managed to whisper in response, his heart in his throat, his head dizzy with desire.

“This is me asking.”

Dream put a hand on the back of George’s neck and pulled him in for a kiss. Unlike their first, this one was fast, needy, and passionate, both of them soon breathless as hands explored and teeth caught. Dream pulled at George’s shirt, which found itself on the floor along with Dream’s soon after. With strong hands, Dream pushed George off him and stood up. He scooped up George from the sofa and easily slung him over his shoulder, laughing with him as he carried him down the corridor and into the bedroom at the end of the hall, where he kicked the door close and threw George onto the bed.

“You want this?” Dream asked breathlessly as he stood at the light switch; his fingers hovered over it as he waited for George’s response.

“More than anything,” George replied.

Dream turned off the lights.

-

George woke up to his cat nuzzling against his face. It was purring softly, its tail flicking back and forth, waving the morning hello. George blinked at it slowly as he came around, finding himself trapped in the embrace of two strong arms, felt the weight of legs tangled with his, heard the deep, delicate breaths just behind his ear, tasted the morning on his tongue. When his brain fog cleared he sighed in contentment, his breath shifting the static morning air and booting up reality – birds began chirping their well-rehearsed tunes, the wind whistled and pipes creaked. Dream stirred.

“Good morning,” George heard Dream’s low, raspy voice beside his ear. He turned to face Dream, became almost breathless at the sight of his angelic face; soft eyes and glowing skin that radiated warmth.

“Morning,” George replied, placing a soft kiss on Dream’s cheek. Dream smiled.

“Can I have another kiss?” he asked, his face still soft from sleep. George shifted closer and placed a lingering kiss on his lips, melting in his body heat. “Thank you.”

George smiled in response.

“You look so pretty, Georgie,” Dream murmured gently. His face quickly flashed an awkward expression. “I didn’t mean to call you that,” he said, his cheeks reddening visibly.

“I kinda like that,” George said. “You look all embarrassed,” he giggled, cupping Dream’s cheek affectionately.

“I kinda like *you*.”

George giggled, “Okay, now *that* was cringe.”

“Whatever,” Dream smiled, “come here,” he said, and George scootched closer, snuggling into Dream’s chest. “I kind of want to stay here forever,” Dream whispered.

*Then stay.*

-

The journey to the airport passed by in a blink - the passage of time felt violently rapid. They were at home, packing Dream’s suitcase, then suddenly they were in the airport, standing among the hundreds of people darting left and right, running or eating or crying, lost in a bubble where the only thing that mattered was them. The ceilings grew higher and higher, Dream’s eyes got more

and more lost as each second fell by.

George looked up at the information boards. After staring at cities and numbers, his eyes eventually fell on the right one.

## **FLORIDA --- AWAITING GATE INFORMATION**

George's heart became a black hole. He fell into Dream's chest and wrapped his arms around his waist, squeezing tightly, with no intent of ever letting go.

"Do you have to go?" George mumbled into his chest, clinging on to his hoodie as they embraced.

"I think I do, Georgie," Dream whispered in response, his voice wobbling and weak. George clung on tighter, buried his face deeper.

"I know," he said, "it's okay."

"Hey, when I said I was gonna fly you out to Florida I meant it, okay? Soon, it'll be real soon. The time will go so fast that—" Dream's throat caught in a sob, he blinked away tears, "-that it won't even feel like I'm gone."

"You promise?" George sniffed.

"Pinkie Promise," he replied, finding George's hand and hooking their pinkies together tightly.

Motionless and silent, they stood in the middle of the airport floor and held each other. The sound of rolling suitcase wheels, dings of phones and whirs of elevators melted into insignificance, all George could hear was his slow, sombre pulse.

George held on tighter. Felt Dream exhale, slowly deflating. *Stay for ten more seconds – twenty. Thirty. A minute, an hour. A day. Forever.*

The speakers rattled overhead.

***British Airways Flight 229 to TPA, Florida is now boarding. Please make your way to gate 15.***

George closed his eyes.

"George?" Dream whispered, not quite letting go.

"Yeah?"

"I'll call you the second I touch down, okay?"

George sniffed. "Okay."

"And we already called every day anyway, so that's not gonna change," Dream chuckled to mask his wavering voice.

"I know."

There was a long pause.



*Not long enough.*

“I have to go,” Dream said, tears slipped down his cheeks.

“I know.”

When they let go, George felt his lungs collapse. Dream took his hands and cupped George’s cheeks, gently wiped away his tears, and placed a soft kiss on his lips.

“I’ll be back before you know it,” Dream whispered.

“Like you were never even gone.”

Dream nodded, bit his lip, letting his eyes capture George’s pretty face for half a second longer. Then he turned away, slowly, and began to walk to his gate, pulling his suitcase behind him. It felt heavy, like it weighed ten tonnes - an anchor holding him down, begging for him to stay. He fought the weight as he cried and kept on stepping. When he looked back, George was watching him. He waved smally, and George waved back, fighting the desperate instinct to chase him down and bring him home. *He’s not leaving forever.*

George watched as Dream got smaller and smaller in his vision. As Dream reached the far bounds of the airport, ready to turn the corner to find his gate, George closed his eyes. He counted to three, then opened them again.

Dream was gone.

George exhaled.

Realising he was very much standing in the middle of an airport, George tuned back into his surroundings and began the journey home. It was quiet and slow, the journey seemed to take years, yet by the time he was unlocking his front door, George had no memory of it. He walked to his kitchen and turned on the kettle, took down two mugs from the cupboard and waited for the water to boil. When the kettle clicked off, George began to pour the water; his hands felt weak and tired. He looked at the second cup that he’d instinctually set out and tried not to cry as he put it away. George sat on his kitchen floor and sipped his tea, staring up at the ceiling. His cat found him, nuzzled into his lap and purred. George spoke to it.

“You miss him too, huh?” he asked, stroking its fur comfortingly. “That’s okay, we can miss him together.” The cat blinked slowly at him. “He’ll be back soon, buddy. And then we’ll never have to miss him again.”

The cat’s ears pricked up when George’s phone started buzzing. Sapnap was calling.

George answered, “Hey, Sapnap.”

“Hey, George,” he said, his voice warmer and softer than usual. It was intentional, comforting. George closed his eyes. “I wanted to talk, I’ve missed your voice this past week, you’ve been so busy,” he chuckled.

“Yeah...”

There was some silence. Sapnap cut in.

“And I figured while Dream was on the plane, you’d be less busy, so I’m here for you.”

George smiled softly, sunk into the heat of his apartment. He still hadn't turned it off.

"Thank you, Sapnap."

"Hey, you know I love you right? And you better say it back, I don't care about Dream," he joked.

"I'd never stop saying it back," George chuckled, and his chest felt lighter already. Sapnap knew exactly how to cheer him up. "I love you."

Sapnap replied, "there's my *Georgie*," in a mocking baby-voice. George rolled his eyes.

"God, you know about that already?" he laughed.

"Always one step ahead, buddy. I told you I'd use this as roast material."

"As long as you can keep your mouth shut during streams."

"No promises."

George chuckled earnestly.

Sapnap continued, "And, anyway, I feel like I've earned the right to meme on you, I'm basically the reason you and Dream are even together."

"Oh, as if," George giggled, the sadness melting away quickly, as it tends to when friends are near, "Dream made a move pretty impulsively, how could you have possibly been the cause of that?"

"George, who do you think was hyping him up constantly to do it? C'mon, you think he'd take that risk out of nowhere?" Sapnap laughed.

"What do you mean?"

"Okay, literally," Sapnap paused to chuckle, "-literally every time you were busy or something, he'd be texting me asking for advice. One time when you were out getting food or something, he called me literally screaming cuz he really wanted to tell you, but he was too scared to."

"Really?"

"Seriously, dude! And I was telling him to fucking grow up and just do it, because it's not like you're particularly good at hiding how you feel, literally how could it have gone badly?"

George chuckled, "I guess that's true."

"So yesterday, I wake up to a text telling me you're going to some Christmas market, or something, and I'm screaming at him, cuz that's literally the perfect opportunity, and he only had one day to make a move, so I was blowing up his phone the entire day," Sapnap said. George grinned. "When he finally texted me that he kissed you, I swear I had a literal celebration."

"I mean, me too."

Sapnap laughed, "I was just so happy for you guys."

"Thank you, Sapnap."

"Anything for you, *Georgie*."

George rolled his eyes and smiled.

“I hate you,” he chuckled.

“I’m the best thing that ever happened to you, actually.”

“Okay, Sapnap.”

“No, like, actually,” he replied, and they both laughed.

“I guess you aren’t so bad.”

There was some soft silence. George found comfort in it.

“And y’know, when Dream flies you out to Florida, I’m gonna be there too. I’m excited!”

“And then I can thank you properly for being the best friend in the world.”

“You gonna give ma a big ol’ hug, huh?”

“Of course I am.”

“You promise?” Sapnap asked.

George smiled.

“Pinkie Promise.”

## Chapter End Notes

I'd like to thank you guys one last time, the support on this fic has been unreal and i appreciate it more than you know <333

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!